

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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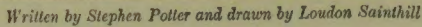
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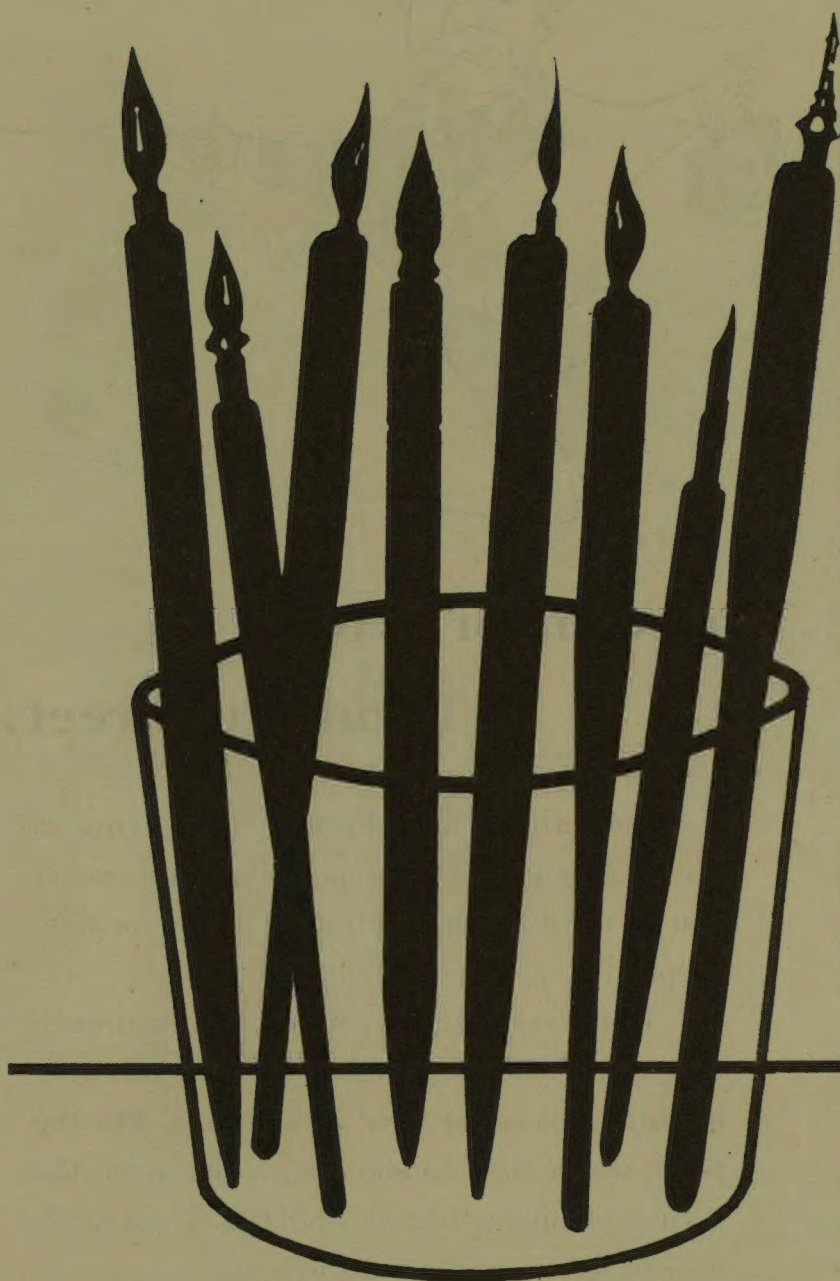




THERE ARE MANY LINKS between Schweppshire and *Schweppsylvania*, 49th State of the U.S. Careful examination of this pictorial map (with historical landmarks) will show that it is much the same as America only more so. The deep South is deeper, with shackier shacks. Its Western *San Franschweppsco* is gayer, and has more artless tramcars. Rich farm lands are quite close to places with No Signs of Life, not to be confused with places where there isn't supposed to be any sign-of-life, like the *New Schweppsican* desert, which, of course, is living. Even Texas is outdone by *Schweppsas*; and the gentlemanliness of Boston, Mass. is still more so in *Boston, Massachusshweppes*, where the atmosphere is almost reminiscent of what might once have been what once was English.

★ SCHWEPPEPVERSCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH





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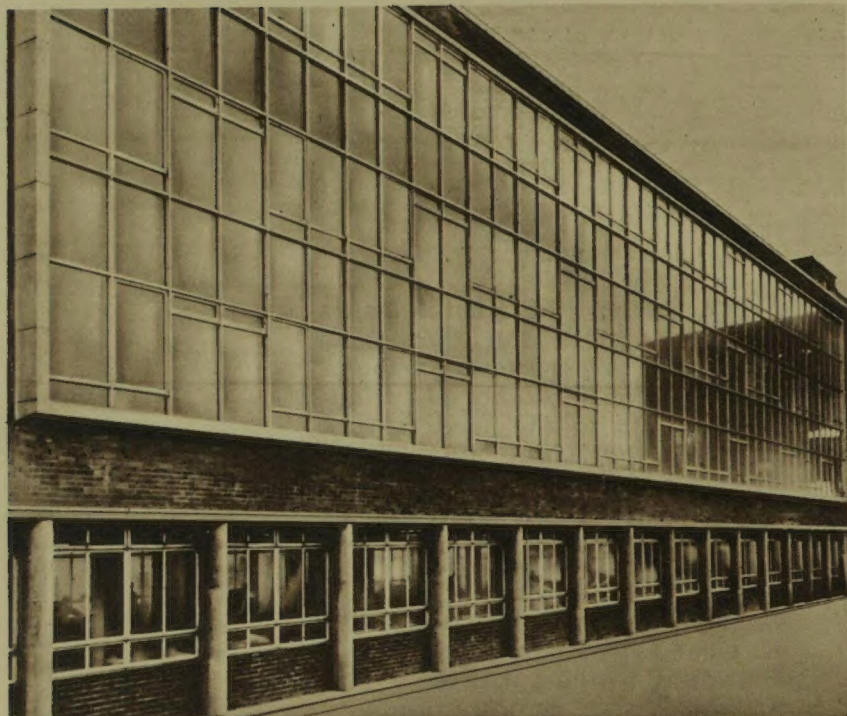
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# This wall went up in 5 days!



## WALLSPAN

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**How Wallspan goes up so quickly.** Wallspan is the logical way of constructing outside walls for modern multi-story buildings.

Wallspan is a grid of aluminium alloy, formed of box-section vertical and horizontal members, which is readily bolted on the structure of the building. Into it are fixed windows and doors and the rest of the grid is quickly filled with any of a wide variety of durable, weatherproof panelling. You may, if you wish, get business going floor by floor as Wallspan goes up!

The panelling used can be any of a score of different materials in numerous textures and colours—glass, stone, metal, wood and many other substances. **Wallspan gives you more floor space.** The weight of a modern building is carried by the structural frame, not the outer walls, which are merely protective and decorative and carry the windows. So the Wallspan grid need be no more than 5 inches thick with panels half that thickness. This means *extra* rentable space all round every floor: hundreds more square feet in any sizeable building!

**And more warmth!** The slender panels in the Wallspan grid can be constructed to provide up to 50 per cent better heat-retention than cavity brick walls. And maintenance is negligible. There's no pointing or painting. The walls can be washed down occasionally . . . by the window cleaners.

The elevation illustrated is 115 ft. 7 in. long and 27 ft. 9 in. high. The Wallspan grid carries aluminium framed opening casements and fixed glazing. The opaque panels are green Vitroslab.

Extensions to this building had to go upward owing to site limitations. Three floors have been added to the original single-story office and these have Wallspan walls.

*This Wallspan framework was fixed in FIVE DAYS by a routine-strength Williams & Williams fixing team and without working overtime!*

It will be well worth your while to discuss with your Architect the use of Wallspan in any new building you are planning—offices, factory, shop, stores, warehouse, school . . .

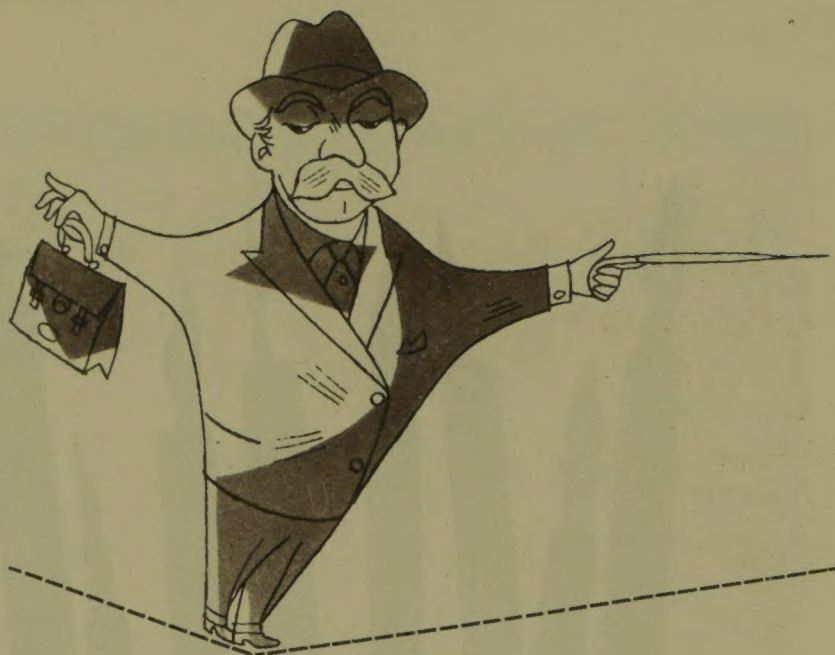
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## The equilibrist of Lombard Street...

Delightful as it might be to finance trips to the moon or devices for perpetual motion—would you do it with money entrusted to you for safe-keeping?

The investment experts of the Insurance Offices are sometimes criticised for not indulging heavily in so-called 'risk' investments. But the funds which they handle are, in the main, the savings of millions of policy-holders. These funds *must* be safely and shrewdly invested.

The Insurance Offices are really much more enterprising than their critics believe. They are by no means wedded to 'gilt-edged' for life. One third of their assets are invested in Industry: and in 'equities' alone £500 million.

In fact a happy balance is preserved between security and enterprise. Because Insurance funds are vast and safe, people trust Insurance. And only because people trust Insurance are the funds vast and safe. Insurance is being responsibly, resourcefully—yes, even creatively—handled by practical people with *your* interests in the forefront of their minds.

## British Insurance Offices



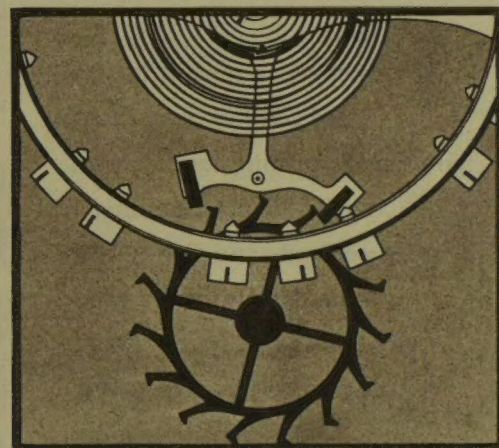
TIME IS THE ART OF THE SWISS

## Measuring a hair's breadth is his business

He's no ordinary technician, the man who makes the good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watch—or any part of it. He needs the fingers of a surgeon, the eyesight of a miniature-painter and the patience of a saint. And then he needs the readiness of an opera singer to undergo a training so long and laborious that it would drive most people mad.

Ask any engineer how he'd like to work with screws so microscopic that 20,000 and more would go into a thimble!

But it's this kind of craftsmanship that makes good Swiss *jewelled-lever* watches world-famous. That's why they keep exact time for years, decades, and why they're small works of art. Ask your jeweller to show you; then take his expert advice.



### THE HEART OF A GOOD WATCH

These two jewels on the lever-arm lock and release the escape-wheel teeth 432,000 times a day. Only jewels are hard enough to resist wear at this point for years on end. For lasting accuracy, jewels elsewhere are useful, two jewels here are essential.

*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

THE WATCHMAKERS



OF SWITZERLAND





## *A nice clean start, Mr. Percival?*

Washing up the tea things at home is a very small headache compared with the huge task of washing millions of milk bottles — a problem that faces the milk industry every day.

Calgon and other Albright & Wilson phosphates are being used more and more throughout many branches of the food industry to make washing solutions work more efficiently and to ensure that bottles, jars, tins and equipment are left scrupulously clean and sterile.



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**guaranteed all wool pile**

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# **S**o much to do—so much to remember

There's so much to find in Spain—beaches and bullfights, villages and vineyards; old walled towns and crumbling red castles, cathedrals, palaces, and some of the finest picture galleries in the world. Gay fiestas, dancing, processions . . .

The beat of the sun against clean white walls. Magnificent meals eaten on shady terraces. Ripe oranges picked sweet from the tree. The last swim, the transparent water, the scented breeze that comes with the sunset. Flamenco-singers, the "ting-tong-tang of the guitar."

At midnight the evening is still young.

So much to do, so much to remember. Spain gives you history, beauty, warmth and welcome . . .

And so little to pay! Something magical seems to happen to your pounds when they turn to pesetas. You've never lived so well and paid so little for it. Hotels cannot over-charge you—by law! Your hotel room and all your meals can come to less than £1 a day. Some Spanish wines cost less than a shilling a bottle. All this—and that sunshine too!

Come to sunny **SPAIN** ★ SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT



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of judgment,  
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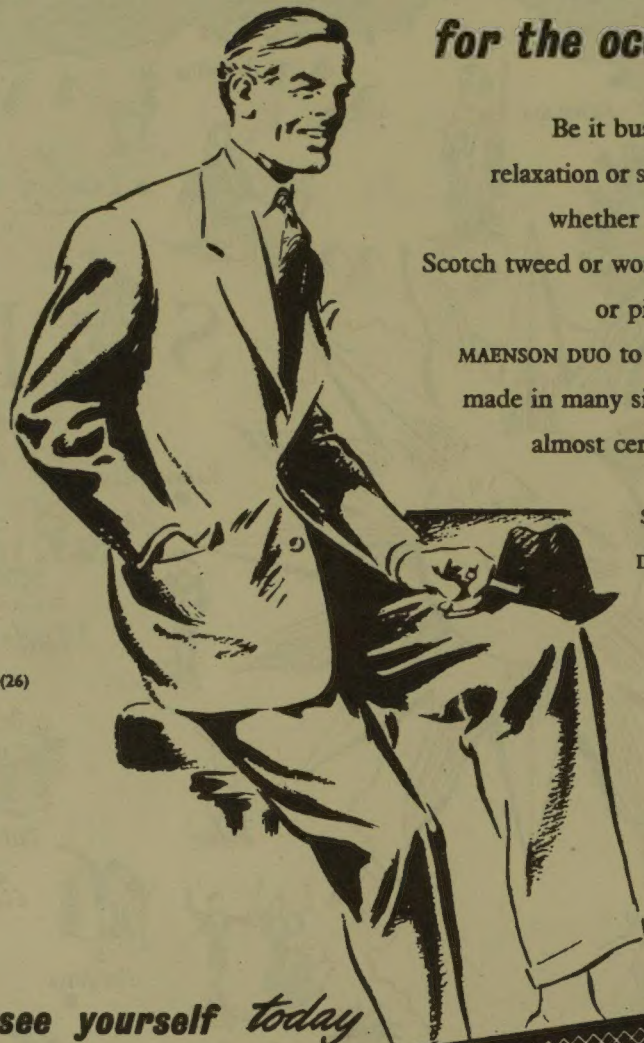
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## The suit

for the occasion

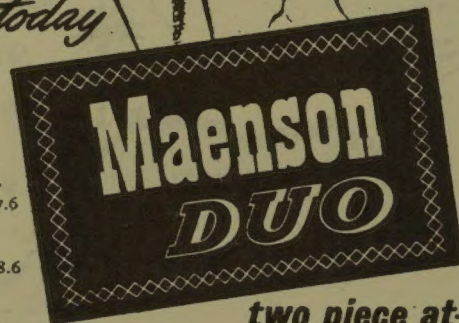


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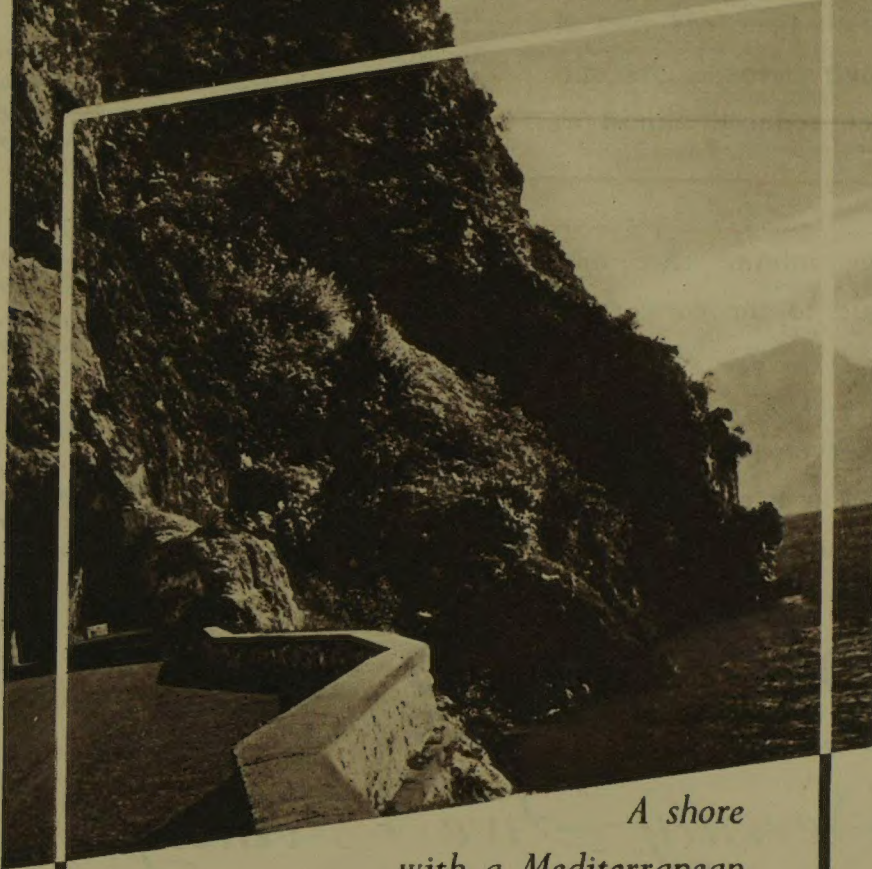
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*A shore  
with a Mediterranean  
climate amid orange and lemon groves*

**The Vittoriale Museum at Gardone Riviera**

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## Silver

**- antique and modern**

Until the end of the 18th century newness was one of the main criteria of beauty and taste. Old silver was constantly being melted down and remade according to later fashions. That is one reason why antique silver is comparatively rare.

Today we appreciate silver of different designs and periods as an expression of the age in which it was made and of the craftsman's pleasure in his medium. Whilst we admire the simple, shining elegance of contemporary silver, we can still give praise to the puritan lines of an early 18th century coffee pot and the rich ornamental detail of a Jacobean drinking cup.

*Silver of many different periods and for all purposes is displayed in the showrooms at '112', where Garrard & Co. have one of the finest collections in London.*



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# It's revealing to drive a ROVER...

**You'll be astonished** at the way the car takes rough surfaces in its easy stride. Ruts and potholes seem almost non-existent as the car glides over them.

**You'll enjoy** having both pace and quiet at your command. Even at high speeds, engine and transmission noise has been reduced almost to vanishing point.

**You'll appreciate** the infinite care and thought that has been paid to the comfort of driver and passengers.

**You'll feel confident** even in the thickest and trickiest traffic, because a Rover is such a well-bred, obedient car to handle.

## INSIDE INFORMATION

*The Rover co-ordinated suspension system allows plenty of vertical road wheel movement, while spring tensions and shock absorber settings ensure a smooth ride. The central bearing to the propeller shaft checks 'whip' and vibration.*

★

*The special cylinder head design of Rover engines sets the Rover pace, whilst the extensive use of rubber pads and mountings, spraying with sound-absorbing material and heavy carpeting make the naturally quiet engine almost inaudible.*

★

*All passengers sit well within the wheelbase, with front seat adjustable for height and rake and wide centre arm rests front and rear. Heating, de-misting, ventilating and draught-proofing are exceptionally efficient.*

★

*Direct central gear change with synchromesh on 2nd, 3rd and top, controlled free wheel for clutchless changes and well-planned dashboard layout make clumsy handling of a Rover almost impossible.*

# ROVER

## *Sixty · Seventy-Five · Ninety*

Body and chassis are identical throughout the Rover range. However, three different engine sizes give motorists a made-to-measure service in which design and workmanship are uniformly high. New features common to all 1955 models include re-shaped luggage boot, larger rear window and flashing type direction indicators.





# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1955.



THE BRITISH ARMY'S NEW HEAVY TANK: THE 65-TON CONQUEROR, WITH ITS POWERFUL GUN IN THE FORWARD POSITION.

The British Army's new heavy tank, designed for heavy tank destruction, the *Conqueror*, is now being issued to the Army; and the first were due to leave for troop trials in Germany on March 21. To quote the Army estimates: "Its two main tasks are in offensive operations to maintain the momentum of operations by destroying an enemy armour which could hold up our *Centurion* tanks, and in defence to destroy the heaviest enemy tanks that could take part in an attack. Tanks of the *Conqueror* type are not required in great numbers, but properly combined with *Centurions* they make a very formidable fighting force." A certain amount of information has been released about the *Conqueror*. It was designed

by the team which was responsible for the *Centurion*; it weighs 65 tons and has a maximum road speed of 20 m.p.h., at which speed its *Meleor* engine develops 800 h.p.; and its suspension is of a new and improved design. Its dimensions are as follows: length of hull, 25 ft. 9 ins.; with gun in the forward position (as shown), 39 ft.; with gun in the travelling position (i.e., with the cupola reversed and the gun clamped down), 36 ft. 3 ins.; height, 10 ft. 4 ins.; and width, 13 ft. It is clear from the photograph that it has smoke projectors; but the calibre of the big gun and the number and kind of the subsidiary armament have not been released; and the nature of the fire control system is still secret. It carries a crew of four.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

ON March 25, 1705—the year after Blenheim—the old 38th Foot, now the 1st Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, was formed at the King's Head tavern in Bird Street, Lichfield, by Colonel Luke Lillingston. England was at war with the "Grand Monarch" and "Grand Nation," struggling on land and on every sea, to restrain the swollen power of France and restore the liberties and balance of power of Europe. And likely lads were needed to fight under Sir Winston Churchill's famous ancestor:

"The constables they search about  
To find such brisk young fellows out;  
Then let's be volunteers, I say,  
Over the hills and far away.  
Over the hills and over the main  
To Flanders, Portugal and Spain  
Queen Anne commands and we'll obey  
Over the hills and far away!"

"If any gentlemen, soldiers or others," cried Farquhar's recruiting officer, "have a mind to serve Her Majesty and pull down the French King; if any prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages or any husband too much wife; let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite at the sign of the Raven in the good town of Shrewsbury!" Substitute King's Head for the Raven, and Lichfield for Shrewsbury, and you have the beginning of Luke Lillingston's famous Regiment.

But not the end! For 250 years the officers and men of the old 38th and, since 1793, of its fellow South Staffordshire Regiment, the 80th Foot, now amalgamated with it—the "plucky dogs," as that grand soldier, Sir Harry Smith, called them—have fought for England in almost every war she has waged, in every continent, and on every sea. Glorious as are the annals of Britain's infantry regiments, I doubt if any other has a more catholic record than that of the South Staffordshires, with their famous "Stafford Knot," the "Sphinx"—granted to the 80th for its service in Egypt under Abercromby and John Moore—and the "Holland Patches" which commemorate the fifty-eight years during which, from 1707 to 1765, the 38th guarded what was then the richest of Britain's overseas possessions and the corner-stone of her empire, the West Indies. This, incidentally, is the longest continuous period that any British regiment has ever served overseas. Yet this was only a single episode in the Regiment's history, or rather, until their junction in 1881 under the Cardwell Scheme, component Regiments. It served at sea, helping to man His Majesty's ships against the Caribbean pirates; fought repeatedly against the French at Guadeloupe and Martinique and in defence of the British islands; took part in the American War of Independence, the Flanders and Peninsular campaigns against the Revolution and Napoleon, the expedition to Walcheren, the Sikh and all three Burma Wars, the Crimea, the Indian Mutiny, the Egypt and River campaigns, the Zulu and Boer Wars and, of course, the two World Wars of our own day. It helped to capture, permanently, the Cape of Good Hope and South Island, New Zealand, and, temporarily, New York, Buenos Aires, Alexandria, Cairo, Paris, Rangoon and Sevastopol. In one of the grandest military feats of history, it stormed the ramparts of Badajoz, and, later, of San Sebastian, Pegu, Prome and Lucknow. Among the battles at which the Regiment was represented were Bunkers Hill, Roliça, Vimeiro—Wellington's two earliest victories against the French—Corunna, Busaco (where it made a famous bayonet charge), Salamanca, Vittoria, the Nive, Ava, Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Alma, Inkerman, Isandhlwana, Mons, Marne, Aisne, Ypres, Gallipoli, Loos, the Somme, Cambrai, Vittorio Veneto, and Suvla.

Almost the only battle of major importance since its formation that the Regiment missed was Waterloo, and then only by a few hours. No wonder that George V., presenting new Colours to its 1st Battalion, spoke of it as a corps "whose good work for the British Empire has hardly a parallel in our military history. North America, Central America, South America, North Africa, South Africa, the Plains of India and the mountains of India; Northern Europe and Southern Europe; Holland, the Peninsula and Crimea; no part of the world has come amiss to you, and you have spent abroad three

quarters of the two centuries of your Regimental life, always and unchangeably with honour."

Nor, when in 1939 the British Army was once more called upon to hold the breach that the neglect of others had opened in the walls of freedom, was the South Staffordshire Regiment failing in achievement and sacrifice. It fought at Dunkirk and Sidi Barrani, in the evacuation of Greece and Crete, where its men manned the anti-aircraft guns in the transports, in Sicily and Burma, at Caen, the Orne bridgehead and the Falaise Gap. One of its battalions, the 2nd—which took to the air, as in earlier years the Regiment had taken to the sea—had the honour of being the first British unit to effect a permanent footing in Hitler's European fortress, dropping by parachute on the morning of July 10, 1943, into Sicily as the spearhead of Montgomery's 8th Army and, after losing a third of its strength in the stormy crossing, seizing and holding the bridge at Syracuse. Later it covered itself with equal and imperishable glory in another airborne landing—at Arnhem. The 1st Battalion, after fighting under Wavell and O'Connor in that wonderful North African desert-campaign of 1940, was selected to be one of the units forming the Long-Range Penetration Force, or "Chindits," that broke the legend of Japanese jungle invincibility and laid the foundations of victory in Burma. Under those two born leaders of forlorn hopes, Orde Wingate and

"Mad Mike" Calvert, the "Southee Staffs," as their inseparable comrades, the 3/6th Gurkhas, called them, fought a campaign against odds which has been equalled but never surpassed in our annals. "Who but old soldiers," the Duke of Wellington declared when the news of the Regiment's gallantry in storming the Sikh batteries reached him, "could have done what the 80th did at Ferozeshah?" What, one wonders, would he have said, had he been alive when the news of the "Southee Staffs'" attack on Mogaung reached England? "That Regiment that has earned immortal fame in the annals of the British Army," the great Lord Hardinge called it, and its tattered colours in the aisle of Lichfield Cathedral tell in silence all that words cannot of courage, sacrifice and faith fulfilled. "A corps," wrote John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army, "of which the newspapers, and as a natural consequence the public, knows nothing, with one of the most remarkable records of service in the Army. . . . If this Regiment wore the kilt the whole British Empire would ring with its fame."

"To impose the way of peace, to spare the subject, and to battle down the proud"—there, in Virgil's noble line, is the eternal function of the British Army. Neglected in peace, called upon to achieve the impossible at the outset of all our wars, and, in the end, achieving it, it has lived, endured and triumphed by virtue of its regimental tradition. Pride of Regiment and love for the Regiment's history and traditions is the sacred Ark of the Covenant

on which the British soldier depends in battle and on which Britain, through him, has again and again survived and won through to victory. It comes, therefore, as heartening news to every lover of our history and of the British Army, that a retired soldier, Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby—Colonel of the London Scottish and formerly of the 2nd Life Guards and the 4th Dragoon Guards—has given the great sum of a hundred thousand pounds to endow a Trust, to be known as the Army Museums Ogilby Trust.\* For the purpose of this generous gift is to encourage, assist and help to equip and maintain existing regimental and Army museums, and, it is hoped, in the fullness of time—if others also come forward—to create a military counterpart of the splendid National Maritime Museum which Sir James Caird and Sir Geoffrey Callender created at Greenwich. "Others," the author of that soldier's masterpiece, "Beyond the Chindwin,"—Colonel Bernard Fergusson—has written in the brochure that sets out the Trust's objects, "with resources more slender than Colonel Ogilby, but with the same passionate belief in the importance of regimental tradition and in the value of visible and tangible history, will want to associate themselves with his Trust. . . . It is not given to many men to be able to do what Colonel Ogilby has done. By a generous stroke of singular vision he has put both the past and the future in his debt."

\* The Trust's address is c/o Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby, D.S.O., D.L., 22, Down Street, London, W.1.

#### THE 250TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT.



AT WHITTINGTON BARRACKS, LICHFIELD: A GUARD OF THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT, DRESSED IN THE UNIFORMS OF 1705, THE YEAR IN WHICH THE REGIMENT WAS RAISED AT THE KING'S HEAD TAVERN IN BIRD STREET, LICHFIELD, BY COLONEL LUKE LILLINGSTON. To-day, Saturday, March 26, 1955, the South Staffordshire Regiment is celebrating the 250th anniversary of its raising on March 25, 1705. In his article on this page, Sir Arthur Bryant discusses the history of this great Regiment, whose "tattered colours in the aisle of Lichfield Cathedral tell in silence all that words cannot of courage, sacrifice and faith fulfilled." The South Staffordshire Regiment claims to be the only Regiment in the British Army which has served on land, on the sea and from the air. During their fifty-eight years of continuous service in the West Indies, from 1707 to 1765, the Regiment built and manned schooners to put down piracy, and in World War II, the 1st Battalion served with the Chindits in Burma, whilst the 2nd Battalion formed part of the Airborne Force. To-day's celebrations include a service of thanksgiving in Lichfield Cathedral, a march through Lichfield, and the beating of tattoo by searchlight.

Photograph by "Express and Star," Wolverhampton.



# THE DUKE WITH THE FLEETS AT MALTA: SCENES AFTER OPERATION "SEA LANCE."



LYING IN GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: THE ROYAL YACHT *BRITANNIA*, WITH H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH ON BOARD; AND UNITS OF THE COMBINED HOME AND MEDITERRANEAN FLEETS.



FLOODLIT: (IN LINE, FOREGROUND) *BRITANNIA*, *TYNE*, FLAGSHIP HOME FLEET, *GLASGOW*, FLAGSHIP MEDITERRANEAN FLEET, *JAMAICA* (BEHIND), *SHEFFIELD* AND *DIAMOND*.



ON THE ROOF, ALLIED FORCES, MEDITERRANEAN H.Q., ON MARCH 15: (L. TO R.) REAR-ADMIRAL S. KARAPENAR (TURKEY); REAR-ADMIRAL M. CALAMAI (ITALY); AIR MARSHAL B. V. REYNOLDS, AIR OFFICER COMMANDING MALTA; MR. J. P. L. THOMAS, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY; THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH; ADMIRAL SIR GUY GRANTHAM, C-IN-C., MEDITERRANEAN; VICE-ADMIRAL J. FIFE, U.S.N., DEPUTY C-IN-C., MEDITERRANEAN (A.F.); ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET SIR RHODERICK MCGRIGOR, FIRST SEA LORD; VICE-ADMIRAL P. G. L. CAZALET, CHIEF OF THE ALLIED STAFF; REAR-ADMIRAL L. MORNU (FRANCE), AND REAR-ADMIRAL G. ZEPOS (GREECE).



ENTERING GRAND HARBOUR: *BRITANNIA*—ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY AND THE FIRST SEA LORD ON BOARD.



WITH MR. MINTOFF, PRIME MINISTER OF MALTA (RIGHT), AND MRS. MINTOFF: H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, AND MR. THOMAS, FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY, AFTER AN OFFICIAL LUNCH ON MARCH 16.

On March 15 the Royal yacht *Britannia*, with Admiral of the Fleet H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh on board, led the combined Home and Mediterranean Fleets into Grand Harbour, Malta. The fleets, in two parallel lines, each led by a flagship, fired salutes of 21 guns as *Britannia* passed the harbour bastions, and as the warships moved to their moorings, Grand Harbour and the other creeks were filled almost to capacity with some fifty warships, including two aircraft-carriers and five cruisers. In the afternoon, the Duke, accompanied by the First Lord, and the First Sea Lord, visited H.Q. Allied Forces, Mediterranean, where he was

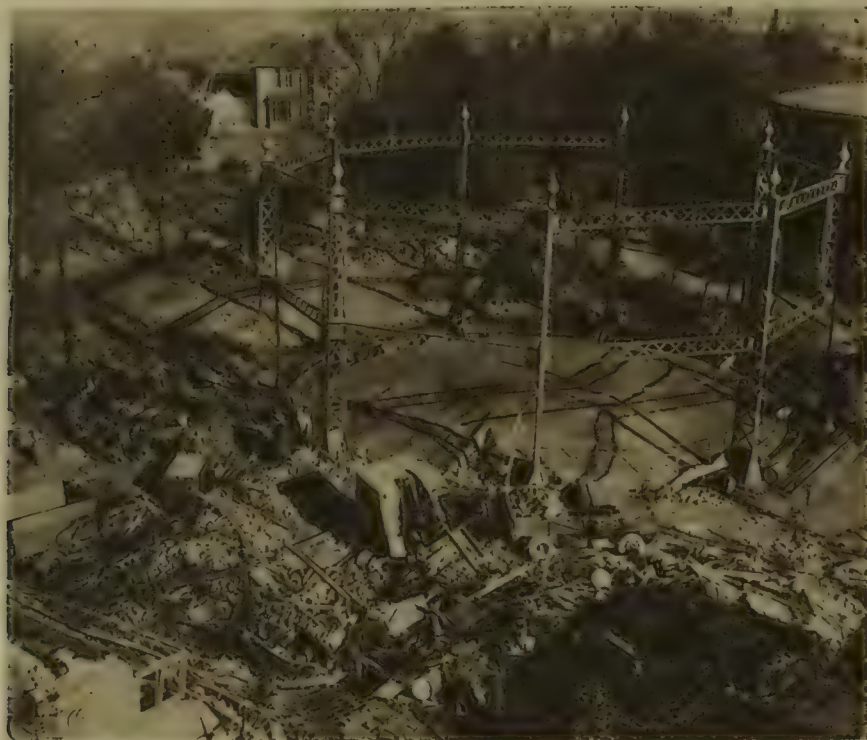


AT ANCHOR AND DRESSED OVERALL IN SLIEMA CREEK: DESTROYERS AND FAST FRIGATES OF THE COMBINED FLEETS, INCLUDING *VIRAGO*, *WAKEFUL*, *UNDINE*, *CHEVRON*, *AGINCOURT*, *SAINTES*, *BARFLEUR*, *WHIRLWIND*, *CHARITY* AND *CHAPLET*.

met by Admiral Sir Guy Grantham, C-in-C., N.A.T.O., and C-in-C., British Mediterranean Fleet, the visit coinciding with the second anniversary of the formation of N.A.T.O. Mediterranean Command. During the fleets' stay at Malta conversations were held between Commanders-in-Chief and their staffs, and there were numerous social and sporting events. On March 20 the Duke broadcast to the Fleet. He said he had found the recent naval exercises interesting and instructive, and spoke of the revolution in military thinking consequent on the invention of nuclear weapons. The fleets were due to sail from Malta on March 22.



# RECENT EVENTS AND PROJECTS: A CAMERA RECORD OF HOME NEWS.



**AFTER AN EXPLOSION AND A FIRE: THE WRECKAGE OF THE GOVERNOR HOUSE (FOREGROUND) AND THE DAMAGED GASHOLDER AT RETFORD, IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.**

On March 16 an explosion demolished the governor house, one of the main buildings, at the gasworks in the centre of Retford. Seven men were injured and taken to hospital, and one man, the gasworks manager, was missing and believed to be buried under the rubble. Flames shot over 200 ft. in the air and a gasholder close to the source of the explosion was severely damaged.



**THE FUNERAL OF SIR ALEXANDER FLEMING, THE DISCOVERER OF PENICILLIN: THE COFFIN, CONTAINING HIS ASHES, BEING CARRIED INTO ST. PAUL'S, FOLLOWED BY LADY FLEMING.** On March 18 a congregation of nearly 1000 attended the funeral of Sir Alexander Fleming in St. Paul's Cathedral, London. The Prime Minister was represented by Mr. Randolph Churchill. Medical students from Sir Alexander's old hospital, St. Mary's, Paddington, acted as ushers, and nurses from the hospital attended the service in uniform.



**THE NEW PARISH CHURCH TO BE BUILT AT BIGGIN HILL: SIR GILES GILBERT SCOTT'S DESIGN FOR ST. MARK'S CHURCH AND CHURCH HALL.**

Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, O.M., has designed the new parish church for Biggin Hill, Kent, which will be built with materials from the derelict Church of All Saints, Camberwell. The Vicar of Biggin Hill, the Rev. V. Symons, with a body of helpers, demolished the bomb-damaged All Saints Church and moved the material to Biggin Hill.



**THE DESIGN FOR THE REBUILDING OF THE BOMBED GRAND PRIORY CHURCH OF THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, CLERKENWELL. (INSET.) THE INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH.**

Plans have now been completed for the rebuilding of the historic Grand Priory Church of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem in Clerkenwell, destroyed by incendiary bombs in 1941. The ruined church stands on the site, and occupies the choir, of the church built by the Knights of St. John in the twelfth century.



**AT THE NEW AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL CENTRE FOR SOUTHERN ENGLAND AT LONDON AIRPORT: AN AIRCRAFT HEIGHT-FINDER (FOREGROUND) AND LONG-RANGE RADAR SCANNER.**

The new traffic control centre for the South of England will come into use at London Airport on April 3. It will replace the existing centre at Uxbridge, and for the first time the air traffic controllers will work alongside the radar unit. Long and short-range radar will enable the controllers to follow aircraft up to 100 miles.



**DURING HER VISIT TO MOORFIELDS EYE HOSPITAL: H.M. THE QUEEN EXAMINING WITH INTEREST A SYNOPTOPHORE, USED FOR DETECTING AND CORRECTING SQUINTS.**

On March 17 the Queen visited the Moorfields branch of the Moorfields, Westminster and Central Eye Hospital on the occasion of the 150th anniversary of the foundation of Moorfields Hospital. During her visit, which lasted an hour-and-a-half, her Majesty toured the wards and saw the operating theatres.



# FROM MORTLAKE TO MALAYA: WORLD EVENTS IN THE NEWS.



THE HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE FROM MORTLAKE TO PUTNEY: A GENERAL VIEW FROM CHISWICK BRIDGE AT THE START OF THE RACE, WHICH ATTRACTED 232 ENTRIES. Although snow fell while the crews waited to commence the Head of the River Race from Mortlake to Putney on March 19, the conditions were mainly favourable, with sunshine, calm water and a wind astern. The Thames Rowing Club, the winners, completed the course in the fast time of 19 mins. 28 secs. The R.A.F. crew took second place.



CARRYING A CARGO OF 13,000 TONS OF HIGH-GRADE PARAFFIN, SUITABLE FOR JET FUEL, TO COMMUNIST CHINA: THE FINNISH TANKER *ARUBA*. The voyage of the Finnish tanker *Aruba* to Communist China with 13,000 tons of jet fuel has caused widespread concern in Western countries. Chinese Nationalist warships are ready to intercept the *Aruba*, whose crew has been forbidden by their Union to proceed into "dangerous" waters.



CLAIMED TO BE THE FASTEST UNDERSEA SHIP IN THE WORLD NOW IN OPERATION: THE UNITED STATES NAVY'S EXPERIMENTAL SUBMARINE *ALBACORE*. A recent article in *Collier's Magazine* suggests that the fastest submarine in the world, travelling while submerged, is not the atomic-powered *Nautilus*, as might be expected, but the experimental submarine *Albacore*, seen above. The article claims that the *Albacore* cost 20,000,000 dollars and is faster than many ocean liners.



THE AMERICAN SURFACE-TO-SURFACE GUIDED WEAPON OFFERED TO THE BRITISH ARMY: THE *CORPORAL* RADAR-GUIDED MISSILE ERECTED AT MAINZ. The *Corporal*, the radar-guided missile which arrived from the United States in February, stands ready to climb after being erected for the first time by American troops at Mainz, West Germany. The *Corporal*, which has a range of 50 miles, has been promised to the British Army, but is not likely to be made available for some time.



THE BELGIAN FN'30 RIFLE TESTED BY THE HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT IN MALAYAN OPERATIONS: MEN OF THE 1ST ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT WITH THE NEW RIFLE ON PATROL. The Belgian FN'30 rifle, adopted by the British Army last year to conform with other N.A.T.O. forces, has now been issued to the 1st Hampshire Regiment, operating in Malaya. The rifle is being extensively tested in the field to discover whether it is superior to the heavier Service rifle.



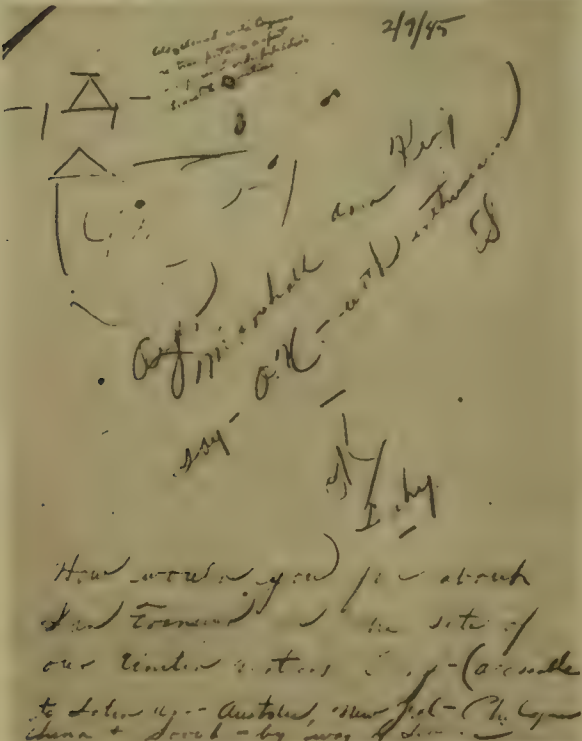
THE YALTA DISCLOSURES, THE BIRTH OF A VOLCANO, AND OTHER NEWS.



BELIEVED TO BE AMONG THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE BIRTH OF A VOLCANO: SCIENTISTS STUDYING THE FISSURE IN HAWAII. At the beginning of the month lava began to flow from a fissure on the east coast of Hawaii, near the village of Kapoho; and as an eruption developed, the 335 inhabitants of the village were evacuated. Within a short time lava was being thrown hundreds of feet into the air, and spreading in a destructive stream towards the sea 12 miles away.



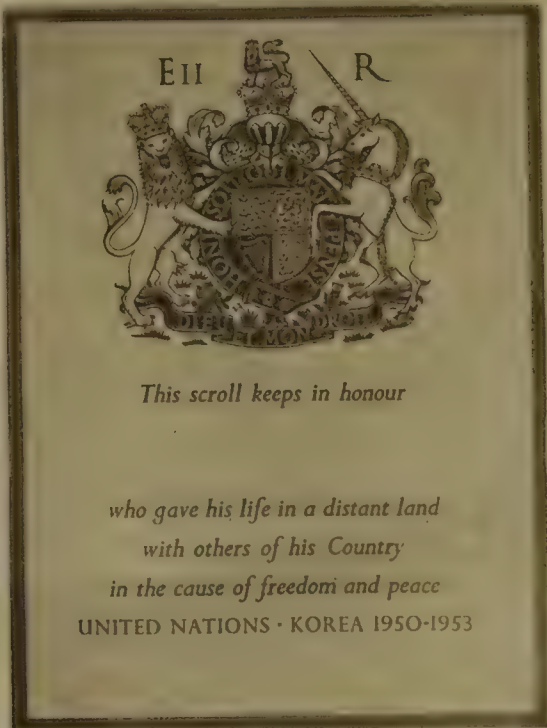
LINED UP AT THE R.A.F. STATION AT NORTH WEALD, IN ESSEX: SIXTEEN THUNDERJETS OF THE ROYAL NORWEGIAN AIR FORCE, IN THIS COUNTRY ON A GOODWILL VISIT. On March 15 sixteen Thunderjets of the Royal Norwegian Air Force, led by the Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Lambrechts, arrived at North Weald, Essex, for a three-day goodwill visit. The aircraft belong to 331 and 332 Squadrons, which were stationed at North Weald during the war.



FROM THE RELEASED YALTA PAPERS: PENCIL NOTES APPARENTLY IN THE WRITING OF MR. EDWARD STETTINIUS. This document, apparently concerning the site of the first U.N. Conference, while mostly in the writing of Mr. Stettinius, contains (at the top) a note by Mr. Alger Hiss. It was part of the Yalta documents which the United States State Department published on March 16. Sir Winston Churchill has said that they contain serious mistakes.



THE NEW MARGATE LIGHTHOUSE, STILL IN SCAFFOLDING AND AWAITING THE INSTALLATION OF THE LANTERN. THIS REPLACES THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE AT THE END OF THE HARBOUR, WHICH WAS UNDERMINED AND COLLAPSED INTO THE SEA DURING HEAVY GALES.



THE KOREA MEMORIAL SCROLL, WHICH IS TO BE GIVEN TO THE NEXT-OF-KIN OF THOSE WHO LOST THEIR LIVES IN THE FIGHTING THERE. The announcement of the Royal Command for the issue of this scroll was made by the Prime Minister on March 17. It is of white parchment with a light blue border, the Royal Arms being in red, yellow, blue and green.



THE CATALYTIC CRACKING UNIT OF INDIA'S LARGEST OIL REFINERY AT BOMBAY, WHICH WAS OPENED ON MARCH 17, BEING COMPLETED A YEAR AHEAD OF SCHEDULE. On March 17 the Vice-President of India, Dr. S. Radhakrishnan, declared open the new refinery near Bombay, which has been built by Burmah-Shell Refineries Ltd., at a cost of over £23,000,000. It is situated on Trombay Island and will process 2,000,000 tons of crude oil a year.



DECEIVING A KING COBRA INTO TAKING A MEAL: A SNAKE AT THE LONDON ZOO, WHICH NORMALLY EATS LIVE SNAKES, EATING A SNAKE-SKIN STUFFED WITH HORSEMEAT. During a temporary shortage of live snakes—the usual diet of the King Cobra—Head-keeper R. Lanworn successfully tempted one cobra into eating horsemeat stuffed into a freshly-shed snake-skin. It was expected that a supply of live snakes would be available within a few weeks.



## MOTOR TRANSPORT FOR TROOPS—1909 STYLE.



THE FIRST CONTINGENT OF VETERAN CARS TO LEAVE FROM KIDBROOKE, CARRYING GUARDSMEN TO HASTINGS—RE-ENACTING THE HISTORIC DRIVE OF MARCH, 1909.



THE DRIVE-PAST AT HASTINGS, AFTER THE END OF THE RUN: A 1909 POLICE FORD PRECEDES THE 1903 CADILLAC OF MR. F. BENNETT, LEADER IN 1909 AND 1955.



EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MR. F. BENNETT, WHO LED THE 1909 CONVOY AND THE 1955 RE-ENACTMENT AND WHO IS PRESIDENT OF THE VETERAN CAR CLUB.

In the spring of 1909 the young A.A. suggested that the War Office should experiment with the idea of moving troops by motor-car and offered to provide cars and drivers; the War Office agreed; and accordingly, on March 17 of that year, a battalion of The Guards was thus moved from London to Hastings. On this occasion, the leader of the convoy was Mr. F. Bennett, driving a 1907 Cadillac. On March 19, 1955, this historic convoy was re-enacted, and the progress was again led by Mr. F. Bennett, this time driving an even earlier car, a 1903 Cadillac. During last Saturday's drive fifty-five veteran cars took part, carrying Guardsmen as their passengers, and all but one finished the course. Also included in this drive was one of the old "B" type "General" omnibuses (fitted with new solid tyres), which were introduced in 1910 and which were used as troop-carriers in France in 1914. At Hastings there was a civic reception and a drive past the Mayor, led by a veteran police car. The veteran cars started in two groups, those with an average speed of 17 m.p.h. starting forty-five minutes after their somewhat slower brethren.

## A GUIDED MISSILE WITH "A BRAIN OF ITS OWN."

It was announced on March 15 that the new fighters of the United States Air Force will soon be equipped with a new air-to-air guided missile called the *Falcon*, and produced by the Hughes Aircraft Company. This missile, which has been under development since 1947, travels faster than sound and it is able to follow any evasive action by its target by means of its own electronic "intelligence system." It is about 6 ft. long and remarkably light, and has been described as "the only air-to-air missile with a brain of its own." It has been stated that the pilot of a fighter equipped with this missile, after picking up an enemy bomber on his radar screen, "locks" the target in the missile guidance system. The electric computer in the missile then takes over and, despite any evasive action by the target, homes relentlessly on the selected enemy. The two lower photographs show *Falcons* homing on "drone" target bombers. In each case the *Falcon* was not fitted with a war-head but, by its very accuracy and impact, either destroyed or crippled the aircraft.



THE AMERICAN HUGHES *FALCON*, AIR-TO-AIR GUIDED MISSILE, WHICH TRACKS ITS TARGET AND CAN DESTROY A BOMBER. IT IS ABOUT 6 FT. LONG.



A *FALCON* GUIDED MISSILE STRIKING A "DRONE" TARGET BOMBER. THE TRAIL OF THE *FALCON* SHOWS HOW THE MISSILE HAS MATCHED THE BOMBER'S EVASIVE ACTION.



IN THIS CLOSE-UP, A *FALCON* CAN BE SEEN STRIKING HOME ON THE OUTER STARBOARD ENGINE. ALTHOUGH WITHOUT WAR-HEAD, IT DESTROYED THE BOMBER.



## A JOURNEY IN ALMOST UNKNOWN LANDS.

"TIBETAN MARCHES"; By ANDRÉ MIGOT. TRANSLATED By PETER FLEMING.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

AT first sight the title of this book misled me. I jumped to the conclusion that the author had been marching through "the Forbidden Land," perhaps with the latest Chinese army of nominal reoccupation. His book would, probably, I thought, make a familiar approach, through customary surroundings, to the inevitable terminus. After an arduous passage, on foot, pony, or yak-back, across that high, chilly, treeless plateau, punctuated by nights in hospitable lamaseries with a liberal supply of brick-tea and rancid butter, the towering buildings of Lhasa would come in sight, and then the whole hierarchy would be described. No dull European, I take it, would attempt to get to Lhasa, and no account of a stay there could be dull. But in memory all such accounts tend to blend. Of the last Tibetan book which I read I can only remember two facts clearly as having been in that book and not in some former ones. The first was that, being royally entertained by an eminent Abbot, the author saw a consignment of eggs dropped into a tub of water, in order to see which would sink and which would float, so that it could be made certain that the honoured guest should be offered only really ripe ones. The other was that the author met (I think it was) the Head of the Army and the Chief of Police, both charming men speaking perfect English, and both wearing Old Rugbeian ties to which they were thoroughly well entitled.

The time may not be far distant when, should a war between Asiatic States break out, Oxford and Cambridge men in this country, and Etonians and Harrovians, may be, in spite of all their desire to be impartial, slightly swayed in their sympathies by the ties of the protagonists, the brotherhood of the Old School or the Old College. The bias might even work either way. One man in the Long Room at Lord's

speak of "the Welsh Marches." He certainly wanted to get to Lhasa. After leaving French Indo-China he traversed the Chinese-administered North-Eastern Tibet strip for hundreds of miles, alone, with a coolie, or with a caravan. But as soon as, having being initiated into a Buddhist Order, and successfully passed himself off as a Lama from Mongolia, he passed through what he calls "the Gateway into



TEA-COOLIES RESTING THEIR LOADS ON STAVES.

Tibet," he got caught. He met a real Mongolian who found that he couldn't speak Mongolian: back, with the utmost courtesy, he had to go. He states, later in his narrative, that he made a second attempt upon Lhasa. If he has described it in a later volume I hope that that also will be translated by Mr. Peter Fleming, whose English version of what must be an enchanting French original, has the grace, ease and accuracy which would be expected by anybody who has read Mr. Fleming's original works.

M. Migot is—I must suppose, in his spare time—a doctor. There is a frontispiece of him, with his arms round an animal's neck: the man looks like a kindly, fair-haired rowing or Rugger blue, the dog (possibly a Tibetan Dog) like a cross between a mastiff and a Giant Panda—which would hardly interest the fashionable dog-world of to-day, which seems to be chiefly concerned with unmanlier breeds, which I will not specify for fear of causing offence. I don't think that the dog occurs in the book: the man made a most gallant expedition over ground seldom (I think) covered by Englishmen, but several times traversed by Frenchmen, some of whom died because of their enterprise. The part, I may add, that Frenchmen have taken in the exploration of Asia is too little regarded in this country, which has concentrated on discoveries by sea-routes. Everywhere in Central and Eastern Asia the French have been pioneers. French Jesuits at one time might have induced the Emperor, and the Empire of China, to become Christian had the Vatican felt able to make an accommodation about ancestor-worship; it is over a hundred years since the Abbé Huc reached Lhasa and published his account of it; and, until M. Migot got into the wilds he was warmly received everywhere by French Catholic Missionaries—mingled sometimes with Fathers of other nationalities—living and serving peacefully in very perilous surroundings.

M. Migot's journey was dangerous, and sometimes nearly mortal: his gay spirit makes it all fun for the stay-at-home reader. Quite early in his trip he was robbed by bandits of almost everything he possessed, from his camera to his shoes. So was the village in which he was staying: "Meanwhile the main body of the detachment had not been idle. The bandits turned the whole place inside out—not merely the inn but every house in the village—and appropriated everything that could be carried away: rice, clothes, blankets, cooking-pots, even some panic-stricken chickens and two pigs which screamed like lost souls. As I watched them bustling about, I reckoned that there must be something like fifty of them, all heavily armed with daggers, Mausers or Chinese rifles; one of them had an American automatic carbine. I spotted my Leica, my hat, my spectacles and my leather wallet as their new owners bore them past me; one man was using my tent-pole as a swagger-stick. From time to time some of the bandits would come back and run their hands over me, to make quite sure that nothing had been overlooked; one of them gazed long and wistfully at my trousers, almost made



DR. ANDRÉ MIGOT, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE, WITH HIS DOG.

Dr. André Migot is a distinguished French doctor who has led a remarkable and varied life. After serving with distinction in World War I, he carried out research into marine biology. From 1925-38 he practised medicine in France, and then bicycled to India to study Oriental religions. During World War II, he worked as a doctor in Dijon and then Paris, and after the war in Indo-China. In 1954 he was attached by the French Government to an Australian scientific expedition to the Kerguelen Islands region.

up his mind to take them, but finally decided (they were in a very dilapidated state) that I might as well be allowed to keep them. One party came back to the inn and cooked some of the eggs they had stolen; I watched them enviously, for in spite of all I had been through I was ravenously hungry. They must have read my mind, for they promptly invited me to share their meal; their hospitality cost them little enough, but I appreciated it greatly."

There were times after that when he might have found the company even of bandits welcome—whether in the pullulating Chinese parts or in the wilderness. But he plugged on, met much unexpected kindness, and ultimately, after thousands of miles, reached Peking by rail. The Civil War was still being waged on the mainland—it is evident, incidentally, that at that time he certainly thought the "Communists" a purer and more patriotic lot than Chiang-Kai-shek's people, though no man can ever say what will be the outcome of a Chinese Revolt—historically, "*plus ça change*" seems to have been the rule. Destined to take risks, M. Migot and a female companion, expert in Chinese, happily, thought they would go to see the famous Ming tombs, which were behind the Red lines. They were captured, searched, and came near



"A FORM OF RELIGIOUS EXPRESSION COMPARABLE IN SOME WAYS TO MEDIAEVAL MYSTERY PLAYS": THE DANCE OF THE LAMAS, SHOWING TANGU GOMPA, THE SORCERER, WITH AN APRON MADE OF HUMAN BONES.

might say: "I was at Uppingham with Le-Boo and we all thought him a grand little chap," and another may reply, "Well, I was at Winchester with Hajji Baba and we all thought him a tick of the first water." But no speculations of this kind can be directly invoked by M. Migot's book. For, by "Tibetan Marches" he does not mean marches through Tibet, but "Tibetan Frontiers," or "Tibetan Borderlands"; We used to



"WITH PIECES OF RED STUFF FASTENED TO THEIR LEGS TO REPRESENT THE FLAMES OF HELL": THE CITIPATIS, DANCING SKELETONS, PLAYED BY BOYS.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Tibetan Marches"; by courtesy of the publisher, Rupert Hart-Davis.

execution. But all was explained, and they were passed across the lines in charge of intermediaries who were useful to both sides. "Trading with the enemy" seems to be an essential part of all Chinese civil warfare. And, the nations of the West may remind themselves, it usually seems to involve very little bloodshed.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 572 of this issue.

\* "Tibetan Marches." By André Migot. Translated from the French by Peter Fleming. Illustrations and Maps. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 18s.)





**THE RETURN OF DR. BILLY GRAHAM—THE AMERICAN EVANGELIST, WHO IS HOLDING AN ALL-SCOTLAND CRUSADE.**

Dr. Billy Graham, the American Evangelist, who last year preached to nearly a million-and-a-half people during his Greater London Crusade, was due to open his 1955 European campaign with a six-weeks visit to Glasgow. His first meeting was fixed for March 21 in the Kelvin Hall, which has been specially arranged with an arena to seat 10,000, and accommodation for another 3000 in the overflow auditorium, while the choir of 1200 are occupying space behind the platform. Dr. Graham plans to speak every night at the Kelvin Hall (Sundays excepted) during his stay. He is due to visit London in May, and will speak every night (Sunday, May 15, excepted) at Wembley Stadium from May 14-21. He will subsequently

tour the Continent, and return to London on July 22. It will be remembered that at the Wembley meeting on May 22, with which Dr. Graham's Greater London Crusade ended last year, Dr. Fisher, the Archbishop of Canterbury, pronounced the Blessing; and that religious leaders of various denominations present included the Rev. E. Benson Perkins, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council; the Bishop of Barking; and Colonel Bernard Booth, of the Salvation Army. President and Mrs. Eisenhower heard Dr. Graham preach at Washington's First Presbyterian Church on the eve of his recent departure for Britain, and wished him the "best of luck" on his forthcoming 1955 tour.

*Exclusive photograph specially taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Fabian Bachrach.*



AT the beginning of this month I received a letter which opened thus: " (writing on knee, in front of fire) I was glad to see your two articles in the *Spectator*. I could tell you a lot about Formosa Channel: I was up and down it three times, 1885-88, a nasty piece of water whichever way the monsoon is blowing; but to cross it is very much worse. I went from Hongkong to Tamsui in H.M.S. *Mutine*, a light cruiser—and everyone was sick except the surgeon and the commander's servant; buckets were lashed at convenient intervals. Few junks could cross; they, with their high poops, run before the wind in bad weather. I think only air invasion would be possible—and I remember that Moltke said that he could at any time land a couple of corps in England, but could not supply them or get them out."

I wish I could produce a script as handsome and clear at my desk, let alone on my knee. The writer has passed his ninety-third birthday. He is Brigadier-General Sir James Edmonds, who was director of the team that produced the official Army history of the First World War and also the principal historian. When he began this work, which was originally to have been direction only and not writing, he had retired from the Royal Engineers. His record at the Royal Military Academy and the Staff College had been outstanding and he had been an accomplished staff officer. Even in his active days he had found some time for writing. He had, in particular, produced in partnership with his brother-in-law an admirable history of the American Civil War, still widely read both in this country and the United States. He had, however, to organise the work of his small historical section in the light of his own inspiration, from the arrangement of the vast collection of archives to the writing itself.

I was not in at the beginning; in fact I must have been still in the Army and serving in Germany when the section was set up. I arrived in late 1923, with no assets but a taste for writing, enthusiasm for military history in general, some junior staff experience which included the French Army as well as the British, and the energy of youth. I was only an assistant historian, which in this case stood for a writer of drafts. I felt in my pride that I was capable of writing the history of any campaign. I did, in fact, if I may say so without conceit, become a reasonably competent military historian; but, if so, the period of my apprenticeship was essential to my progress and the guidance of the Director in the next room was invaluable. Not only the comments on my drafts, but also the talks over cigarettes at the end of the day's work provided my education. Within a couple of years I was promoted to full historian and undertook a volume on my own, though no sentence that I wrote was passed without scrutiny.

We were a very small team. I can recall one annual meeting of the committee which governed us at which the main topic of discussion was whether we should be allowed one extra assistant. Ours was a small and relatively primitive piece of historical machinery by comparison with the luxurious one provided for the history of the Second World War. One important feature of the work entailed, nevertheless, a great deal of clerical labour. This was the circulation of draft chapters to officers who had played a part in the events. It was not, of course, a new device in the compilation of contemporary or recent history, but I doubt whether it had ever been carried out on the scale considered necessary by our Director. Chapters went as far down as the commanders of units, and this for the big battles involved hundreds. The narrative was thus greatly enriched as regards both background and fact. The system proved rather less useful with the later than with the earlier volumes, because memories, vivid for the first few years after the war, tended to fade.

Without the slightest question, the volumes compiled by the Director himself were the most important. This was due in part to the fact that he confined himself to the main theatre of the war, France and Belgium, and study of that theatre naturally involved general policy. To an even greater extent it was due to the historian's own skill in presentation. He has been called a master of compression, but this is commonly achieved by the omission of detail, whereas he included a great deal. His secret was rather his succinct style, to which he contrived to impart a generally pleasant effect. In other words, his economy was in his phrases rather than in his matter. Dealing with a subject such as the alternatives open to the Germans at the beginning of the year 1918, he would set out the main features with complete lucidity and without the

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. HISTORIAN BY THE FIRE.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

omission of a single factor in an astonishingly brief space. His mastery of the complex—the First Battle of the Marne, for example—was always one of the most striking features of his work.

Few severe criticisms were launched against his volumes. The most serious were that he was unduly favourable to Field Marshal Lord Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief in the West for the greater part of the war, and that he treated the French with unkindness and lack of sympathy. Though he was not given to admiration and in private would sometimes criticise Haig forcibly and wittily, he undoubtedly felt respect and even affection for him. He had known

backed by an unequalled knowledge of the events, is extremely skilful. While I would not go all the way with the historian, I would subscribe to his principles. It is to be noted that the official Australian historian, Dr. Bean, takes a generally similar view of the campaign—and the Australians were given to sharp criticism of any tendency towards lack of imagination or rigidity in British generalship. The two factors which most strongly influenced Haig in these operations were, first, what he regarded as the necessity of dislodging the enemy from his hold on the Belgian coast, and secondly, the equal necessity of taking pressure off the French armies while they recovered as far as might be from the effects of Nivelle's disaster in April.

This subject is closely allied with the second complaint, that the historian's criticism of the French part in the latter stages of the war was unjustified. The answer to the charge is that he did not believe the French recovery to have been anything like as full as it was then generally represented to have been. This was a highly important consideration for a

historian. It involved more than the fact that in 1918 the British Army bore the main burden and in the offensive period was always thrusting hard, while some French troops—and generals—were "dragging their feet." It was a duty to make this clear. But it was not less important that a record written with the intention that it should be studied for its lessons should reveal the terrible effects of the loss of the finest French youth, the sweeping away of a generation. These effects were likely to endure to some extent over a long period of years.

Sir James Edmonds always insisted that the operations should be closely studied from the enemy's side, though, naturally, they had to be briefly described by comparison with those of the British forces. This involved much research, but it was well justified. There, I think, the most difficult rôle fell to myself. The Germans published a number of excellent books, from their general official history of the war down to regimental histories—and produced them quickly, which was a great advantage. Their historical section answered all the questions put to it, becoming, however, so far as I recall, rather more reserved after Hitler's seizure of power. When, however, it was a question of recording campaigns fought against Turks and Bulgarians, with only small German contingents attached to their armies, the problem was very different. Their military archives were not well kept, and had in great part been lost. Nor had we the compensation of historians of the Second World War of ending up in possession of all the most important records of our former foes.

The Director had no prejudices about the military record of his writers. If they could produce clear work which revealed understanding of the nature of the war and the motives behind the operations, he gave them their heads. It was officers of the rank of lieutenant-general who failed to give him satisfaction and were replaced. As I have said, I started untried and young, though I was sixteen years older when I finished. The section was sometimes reproached for taking so long over the production of the history that another war came upon it before the task was complete, but in fact the work was done rapidly. The Director, despite his other supervisory duties, made faster progress than anyone else. If there were delays, they were due to the slender budget, which did not permit the employment of research workers or, indeed, historians enough to increase the pace. In any case, if volumes follow each other too quickly, readers fail to keep up with them.

There is no need to make detailed comparisons between this and other long histories. What can be said with little risk of contradiction is that, regarded as the effort of one man, this is one of the outstanding achievements in recent times in this country. And it is in a real sense the effort of one man. The Director's ideas shaped and inspired not only his own volumes but those written by other hands. The whole is a fine memorial. Sir James Edmonds has not resigned himself to inaction since completing his official task. He has published a useful short history of the war and many articles, all containing information or criticism of value. One which I read last year was marked by all the old vigour and economy of phrase. My own debt to him is very great. At the time, I realised that I was being taught how to write military history. I did not then realise that my education in military ideas was proceeding all the time, and certainly not how valuable this was to prove to me during and after the Second World War. What I have written here is very much a personal as well as a public tribute.

### A LONDON CHURCH WHICH WAS MOVED STONE BY STONE.



TRANSPORTED FROM ITS ORIGINAL POSITION IN GREAT ORMOND STREET TO ITS PRESENT SITE IN ST. JOHN'S WOOD IN 1898: THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, CHURCH OF THE HOSPITAL OF ST. JOHN AND ST. ELIZABETH, AND CHAPEL OF THE KNIGHTS OF MALTA IN LONDON. [From the drawing by Adrian Brookholding Jones.]

The Church of St. John of Jerusalem, Church of the Hospital of St. John and St. Elizabeth, Grove End Road, and Chapel of the Knights of Malta in London, has an unusual history. Shortly after the foundation of the Hospital of St. Elizabeth of Hungary in Great Ormond Street by a group of Sisters of Mercy from Bermondsey who had nursed in the Crimea with Florence Nightingale, Sir George Bowyer (1811-82), who had reintroduced the Order of Malta, Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, into England, wished to build a chapel for the Order. He did so on a site granted by the Hospital, and in compensation enlarged wards and built a Convent for the Sisters. The Hospital then took its present name, St. John and St. Elizabeth; and the Sisters have since that day worn the Cross of Malta on their habits. In 1898, when the hospital moved from Great Ormond Street to the Grove End Road, the church was transported stone by stone to its present site. The Hospital is supported by voluntary contributions.

him intimately, had been at the Staff College with him, and had served on his staff. But in essence his treatment of Haig was founded upon his judgment, even if a trace of sentiment entered into it. His view does not differ much from that of the majority of sober students of the war to-day. Haig had faults and limitations, but his qualities of moral courage, calm in adversity as in victory, and inflexible determination, made him more than any other the supreme victor of the war. None could have replaced him.

Sir James Edmonds in particular defended Haig with respect to those operations in Flanders in 1917 which are popularly lumped together under the rather misleading title of "Passchendaele." The argument,





AN ELABORATE CURE FOR INDIGESTION IN THE MALAY JUNGLE: A SMALL ABORIGINAL BOY PLACED BENEATH A *RUMAH SENGULANG*—AN ARRANGEMENT OF BAMBOO POLES, IMITATION BIRDS AND FLOWERS AND FRUITS.

White medicine is sometimes slow to reach the recesses of the Malayan jungle. In its absence, the old beliefs and customs are still perpetuated. On a recent journey into the interior, Mr. Douglas Pike, the well-known photographer, came across a strange bamboo construction in the middle of an aboriginal settlement. This was used by the *Temoq* tribe as a healing apparatus; they called it a *Rumah Sengulang*. When a member of the tribe becomes ill, the *Pawang* (medicine man; very often the headman) is called in, and through his agency and the mechanism of the *Rumah Sengulang*, the Good Spirit is asked to effect a cure. The bamboo poles, over 20 ft. high, are filled with water.

Hanging from the middle of the structure is a *balai* (a small house, surrounded by models of birds, flowers and fruits). A further model of an armed man is hung up to protect the Good Spirit, who will take up his residence in the *balai* while the ritual is in progress. The *Pawang* talks to the Good Spirit through the hollow bamboo poles and receives instructions on how to cure the patient, who is sitting on the platform. After the cure, the patient, medicine man and the Good Spirit will all take a bath by the cutting of a bamboo pole, washing in the jet of water released. The Spirit asks for payment when a cure is effected; this may consist of food, poison darts, clothing or cigarettes.



## BRITAIN'S JUNGLE ALLIES IN MALAYA: ABORIGINES AND THEIR BLOWPIPES.



HOLDING THEIR BLOWPIPES SO THAT THE MOUTHPIECES CAN BE SEEN: MEMBERS OF AN ABORIGINAL TRIBE, BELIEVED TO BE AN OFFSHOOT OF THE *TEMQ*, NOW AT GAMBIR FORT.



GIRLS OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBE, THOUGHT TO BE AN OFFSHOOT OF THE *TEMQ*, FOUND IN THE ULA ROMPIN AREA, AND NOW AT GAMBIR FORT: A SIXTEEN-YEAR-OLD (LEFT); AND (RIGHT) A TRIO IN A TAPIOCA FIELD.

THE jungle camps in Malaya are part of the policy to ensure eventual pacification of the country. Soldiers prepare them and if they prove to be suitable they are taken over by the police, and become forts. The jungle people often serve as allies of the forces and police, and the long huts of these Aborigines occupy a section of the camp, and they and their families enjoy protection, medical attention and other amenities, and share in the supplies dropped by helicopter, and in return are useful as intelligence agents. Our photograph of a jungle camp in North Pahang shows it as used by the Special Air Service. It has now been taken over by the police as a fort. Our photographs of Aborigines include some of members of a little-known tribe, believed to be an offshoot of the *Temq*, found in the Ula Rompin area, and brought by police launch to Gambir Fort. The blowpipes used by the jungle people are of two types. One is of bamboo, with an inner tube in one or two pieces, sometimes three, a mouthpiece of bamboo wood or horn-bill ivory, and an outer strengthening tube of bamboo, and is from 7 to 9 ft. long. This type is found amongst all Aborigines, except the *Orang Laut* and one or two Aboriginal Malay tribes. Small models are made for children. The second type, of two pieces of heavy wood, grooved, bound together and covered with latex, has a dammar mouthpiece and is 5 to 7 ft. in length. It is found among Aboriginal Malays.

[Continued below.]



A TYPICAL JUNGLE CAMP IN NORTH PAHANG: SPECIAL AIR SERVICE HUTS ARE ON THE RIGHT, AND ABORIGINAL LONG HUTS ON THE LEFT. THE "T" MARKS INDICATE HELICOPTER LANDING PLACES.



TAKING AIM WITH HIS BLOWPIPE: AN ABORIGINE HUNTING FOR SMALL GAME. THE QUIVER, CONTAINING DARTS TIPPED WITH POISON FROM THE IPOH TREE, HANGS AT HIS SIDE.

[Continued.] but not in Selangor, Negri Sembilan or Malacca. Darts for use in the bamboo blowpipe are made of the hard rib of a palm, with a soft pith butt with which a fluff wad is used, but darts for the wooden blowpipe are smoothed and fit the bore, so need no wadding. The poison used is latex from the Ipoh tree (*Antiaris toxicaria*) and a concentration boiled down from the Ipoh creeper (*Strychnos* genus).

Photographs by Douglas Pike.



A MAN AND WOMAN OF THE ABORIGINAL TRIBE, THOUGHT TO BE AN OFFSHOOT OF THE *TEMQ*: SHE IS EXAMINING THE NEWLY-MADE DARTS FOR THE BLOWPIPE, WHILE HER HUSBAND HOLDS THE QUIVER, WHICH HAS A ROTAN COVER.



MALAYAN  
CEREMONIAL  
DANCES IN A  
SPECIAL AIR  
SERVICE CAMP:  
ABORIGINES  
UNDER BRITISH  
PROTECTION.

AN interesting feature of the struggle against bandits and Communist rebels in Malaya is the alliance between the Security Forces and police and the Aboriginal tribes of the country in jungle camps. Our illustrations of Aboriginal dances were taken at a Special Air Service camp (which has now been taken over by the police and become a fort) in North-West Pahang, where the personnel has been reinforced by members of the *Semai Senoi*, who occupy a special native section of the camp (as illustrated on page 548), and enjoy medicinal and educational facilities and also share in the supplies dropped regularly by helicopter. The Aborigines live in long huts, which accommodate up to twenty families each. The ceremonial

(Continued below.)

(RIGHT.) THE MUSIC FOR CEREMONIAL DANCES BY MALAYAN *SEMAI SENOI* ABORIGINES: A BAMBOO STAMPER BAND, SUPPLEMENTED BY A GONG AND CHANTING.



GIVEN IN CELEBRATION OF THE RICE HARVEST, A WEDDING, OR OTHER OCCASIONS: A RITUAL DANCE, FOR WHICH FLOWER OR PALM-LEAF HEAD-DRESSES ARE WORN.



MOVING TO THE SOUND OF THE BAMBOO STAMPER BAND: WOMEN OF THE *SEMAI SENOI* ABORIGINES IN A NATIVE LONG HUT IN A BRITISH JUNGLE CAMP.



THE SCENE DURING A DANCE SESSION: PROCEEDINGS BEGIN AT SEVEN OR EIGHT O'CLOCK AT NIGHT AND CONTINUE UNTIL FIRST LIGHT OR LATER.

Continued.] dance sessions are held to celebrate great occasions, such as the rice harvest, a wedding, or a house-warming, and have a religious significance. Great preparations are made, new clothes are worn by the dancers, who wear elaborate palm-leaf or floral head-dresses and have their faces painted in many colours. Dancing



SUPPORTED BY A COMPANION: AN EXHAUSTED DANCER. SHOULD ANY OF THE GIRLS BE UNABLE TO CONTINUE, THE MEDICINE MAN OR THE *BATIN* (HEAD MAN) IS CALLED IN.

begins at seven or eight o'clock at night and continues, to the music of a bamboo stamp band, gongs and chanting, without pause until first light or later. Should a dancer collapse, she is supported by her companions till the end of the dance, and if she does not revive, the Medicine Man or the *Batin* is called in.

Photographs by Douglas Pike.



# THE ORDER OF SUCCESSION TO THE THRONE.



1 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CORNWALL.



2 H.R.H. PRINCESS ANNE.



3 H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET.



4 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER.



5 H.R.H. PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER.



6 H.R.H. PRINCE RICHARD OF GLOUCESTER.



7 H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT.



8 H.R.H. PRINCE MICHAEL OF KENT.



9 H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT.



10 H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.





HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, BY PIETRO ANNIGONI.

The portrait of H.M. the Queen which the Worshipful Company of Fishmongers commissioned Mr. Pietro Annigoni to paint is now finished. Her Majesty honoured the artist by giving sittings for the painting, which shows her wearing the Mantle, Star and Collar of the Most Noble Order of the Garter.

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IN FUTURE OPERATIONS THE AIRCRAFT CARRIERS WILL FORM BATTLE GROUPS, SUPPORTED BY

CRUISERS, ESCORT SHIPS, GUIDED-WEAPON VESSELS, DESTROYERS AND MINE-SWEEPERS.



## MODERNISING OUR FLEET.

THE "TIGER" CLASS CRUISERS ARE TO BE COMPLETED IN MODERNISED FORM TO FILL THE GAP UNTIL NEWER SHIPS COME INTO COMMISSION.

NEW MINE SWEEPERS AND LANCES WILL BE BUILT.

CONSTANT EXPERIMENTS WILL BE MADE IN NEW METHODS OF PROPULSION.

NEW SUBMARINE OF THE "ENCALIBUR" CLASS, USING HYDROGEN-PEROXIDE FUEL.

THE ESCORT SHIPS OF THE "DARING" CLASS HAVE BEEN VERY SUCCESSFUL.

TWO IMPROVED "DARINGS" ARE TO BE BUILT.

A HYPOTHETICAL DESIGN FOR A GUIDED-WEAPON CRUISER OF THE FUTURE.

A SQUADRON OF DESTROYERS HAVE BEEN (AND ARE BEING) CONVERTED INTO FAST ANTI-SUBMARINE VESSELS.

THE Royal Navy is to get many new and revolutionary ships, the most important of which will be guided-weapon ships of an entirely new type. This is the main disclosure of Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, in introducing the recent Navy Estimates. It marks a new conception of naval strategy. The development of guided missiles is now sufficiently advanced to justify the construction of special ships to use them. They will replace our ageing and partly obsolescent cruiser fleet. The first of these ships will have ship-to-air guided missiles of great destructive power, designed to enable ships to defend themselves against attack by fast aircraft. The early vessels will carry conventional guns, but later ships will probably carry guided missiles only, capable of attacking both aircraft and hostile ships. Above is an impression of what the warship of the near future may well be like. She carries comparatively small radar-controlled dual-purpose guns, her main armament being the launching gear for her guided missiles, fore and aft. In our illustration she has been given steam propulsion, but engines of an entirely new design, (Continued opposite)

1. Forward guided-missile launching cupola.
2. Guided-missile hoist.
3. Forward missile magazine.
4. Officers' cabins.
5. Stores.
6. Officers' cabins, etc.
7. Wardroom.
8. Superstructure.
9. Bridge.
10. Forward missile control tower.

## KEY TO GUIDED-WEAPON CRUISER.

11. A-A. guns.
12. Radar scanner.
13. Fore funnel.
14. Lattice foremast.
15. Special type air conditioning plant.
16. Vents.
- 17 and 18. Special type multi-duty dual-purpose guns.
19. Forward boiler-room.
20. Stabiliser (port).
21. Forward engine-room.
22. Wireless and lower control rooms.
- 23 and 23A. Auxiliary machinery.
24. After boiler-room.
25. After engine-room.
26. Main lattice mast.
27. After funnel.
28. After missile control tower.
29. After missile launching cupola.
30. Hospital and operating theatre.
31. After missile magazine and hoist.
32. Crew's quarters.
33. Anti-submarine "squid."
34. Quarterdeck.
35. Spray nozzles all round the decks.

(Continued)

giving these vessels higher speeds, will probably be developed. The decks are fitted with spray nozzles to clean them of atomic particles. A large air-conditioning plant will no doubt be a feature, and probably an oxygen plant as well, so that the operating parts of the ship may be sealed (as in a submarine). Thus, the engine and boiler-rooms of the new carrier *Ark Royal* can be cleared of men and the ship operated by remote control from a sealed control-room if required. Until ships of the new design are commissioned, the three uncompleted "Tiger" class cruisers will be modernised to act as stop-gaps. Modern techniques are incorporated in ships of other types. The submarine *Excilbur*, launched recently, burns hydrogen-peroxide fuel. Research into the possibilities of gas turbines is under way. Many destroyers have been converted into fast anti-submarine craft. The big gun has already been supplanted by the bomber, the torpedo-carrying aircraft and, to some extent, the submarine. The next era is that of the atom bomb and the guided missile: it is vital that our Fleet is re-designed to meet and to use these new weapons.

THE ROYAL NAVY PREPARES FOR "PUSH-BUTTON" WARFARE AT SEA: OUR ARTIST'S IMPRESSION OF A GUIDED-WEAPON CRUISER OF THE NEAR FUTURE, AND OTHER TYPES OF MODERN WARSHIPS.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, S.M.A.



DRAMA AT SEA: AN EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORD OF THE SINKING OF THE IASON  
AND THE STRATHEDEN'S LIFEBOAT AS SEEN FROM THE RESCUING LINER.



WATCHING THE SINKING GREEK TRAWLER *IASON*: PASSENGERS ON BOARD THE P. & O. LINER *STRATHEDEN* IN THE IONIAN SEA, OFF SOUTHERN ITALY.



STANDING BY, READY TO MAN THE LIFEBOATS: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE LINER *STRATHEDEN*. EVERY MEMBER OF THE CREW VOLUNTEERED FOR RESCUE WORK.



RETURNING TO THE LINER *STRATHEDEN*: A LIFEBOAT CARRYING SURVIVORS FROM THE SINKING GREEK TRAWLER, WHOSE MASTER AND THREE OTHERS WERE SAVED.

Eight men from the British P. & O. liner *Stratheden*, 23,732 tons, were drowned on March 13 when one of the liner's lifeboats capsized during attempts to rescue the crew of the sinking Greek trawler *Iason*, in the Ionian Sea, off Southern Italy. All the crew of fifteen of the trawler were picked up, but eleven were lost when the lifeboat overturned. Captain K. Cummings, the master of the *Stratheden*, said that he received an SOS from the trawler on March 13. The liner anchored about half-a-mile away and within a few minutes an officer, two quartermasters, an engineer and seven Indian seamen had put out in a lifeboat. When the lifeboat, returning with the survivors on board, was only 60 yards from the liner, it was engulfed by a huge wave and quickly capsized and sank. Captain Cummings



PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE LINER *STRATHEDEN*: AIRCRAFT FLYING OVER THE SINKING TRAWLER *IASON* AND DROPPING SMOKE FLARES IN THE WATER.



PHOTOGRAPHED JUST BEFORE SHE SANK: THE GREEK STEAM TRAWLER *IASON*, ELEVEN OF WHOSE CREW LOST THEIR LIVES.



APPROACHING CLOSE TO THE *STRATHEDEN*: THE SECOND LIFEBOAT RETURNING WITH THE ONLY SURVIVORS, AFTER THE FIRST HAD CAPSIZED.

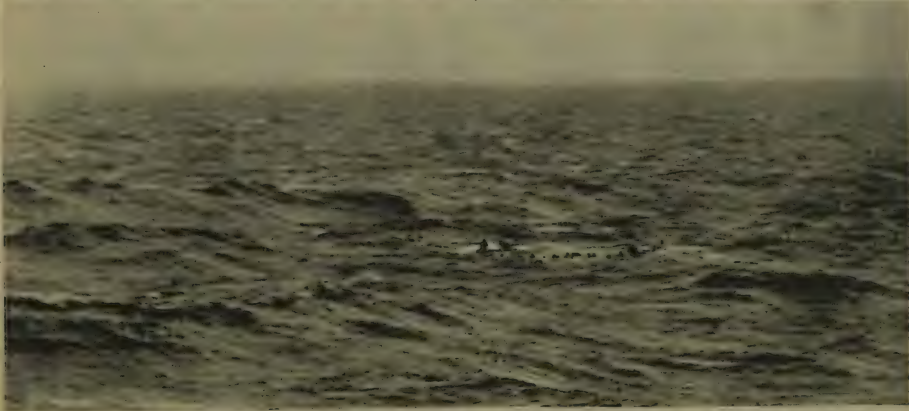
put out three more lifeboats, two under motor power and one with oars. The entire crew of the liner at once volunteered to man them. One of these lifeboats rescued three of the first lifeboat's crew and four Greeks, including Captain Kriparakos, master of the *Iason*, who explained that the *Iason*'s two lifeboats had been useless because the ship had a heavy list. The sinking of the trawler and the first lifeboat was watched by the 900 passengers of the liner *Stratheden*, who later collected money for the families of the drowned men. After dark fell the *Stratheden* recalled its boats and an Italian naval vessel and aircraft took up the search. At 1 a.m., when no more survivors had been sighted, the *Stratheden*, bound from Australia to Tilbury, resumed her voyage.



SETTING OUT TO THE RESCUE: THE ILL-FATED FIRST LIFEBOAT, WHICH SUBSEQUENTLY CAPSIZED, LEAVING WITH A VOLUNTEER CREW FROM THE LINER *STRATHEDEN*.



JUST AS IT BEGAN TO SINK: A DRAMATIC PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FIRST LIFEBOAT FROM THE *STRATHEDEN*, WITH GREEK SURVIVORS ON BOARD, WITH THE BOWS ALREADY UNDER WATER.



FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES IN THE ANGRY SEAS: THE MEN FROM THE CAPSIZED LIFEBOAT STRUGGLING IN THE WATER, WHICH ALL TOO SOON ENGULFED MANY OF THEM.





THE OXFORD CREW: (L. TO R., STANDING) E. V. VINE, GEELONG (AUSTRALIA) AND BRASENOSE, NO. 2; D. P. WELLS, STOWE AND MAGDALEN, NO. 4; J. M. WILSON, ST. EDWARD'S AND TRINITY, NO. 3; R. H. CARNEGIE, MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY AND NEW, SPARE MAN. (SEATED) R. D. T. RAIKES, RADLEY AND MERTON, NO. 5; G. SORRELL, ST. PAUL'S AND CHRIST CHURCH, STROKE; J. A. GOBBO (PRESIDENT), MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY AND MAGDALEN, BOW; E. O. G. PAIN, SYDNEY UNIVERSITY AND LINCOLN, NO. 7; J. G. MCLEOD, SYDNEY UNIVERSITY AND NEW, NO. 6. (IN FRONT) I. A. WATSON, SHREWSBURY AND KEBLE, COX.



THE CAMBRIDGE CREW: (L. TO R., STANDING) S. G. D. TOZER, WINCHESTER AND TRINITY, NO. 5; R. A. MONKS, HARVARD AND TRINITY, NO. 6; P. DU BOIS, HARVARD AND TRINITY, NO. 2; A. A. MAYS-SMITH, ETON AND TRINITY, NO. 3. (SEATED) A. R. MUIRHEAD, GLENALMOND AND ST. JOHN'S, STROKE; K. A. MASSER, SHREWSBURY AND TRINITY HALL, NO. 4; J. N. BRUCE, ST. PAUL'S AND CLARE, BOW; J. J. VERNON, RADLEY AND TRINITY HALL, NO. 7. (IN FRONT) G. T. HARRIS, HIGH WYCOMBE AND JESUS, COX.

#### THE 101ST OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE: GROUP PORTRAITS OF THE CONTENDING CREWS.

To-day (March 26) is the 101st official Boat Race. Although the Universities have raced together 104 times since the first race at Henley in 1829, the four races during World War II. are regarded as unofficial, no Blues being awarded. To date, Cambridge have won fifty-four times and Oxford forty-five times, and there has been one dead-heat—in 1877. At the time of

writing, Oxford retain five of last year's winning crew—the President, J. A. Gobbo, E. V. Vine, R. D. T. Raikes, J. G. McLeod, and E. O. G. Pain; while Cambridge have two Old Blues in J. N. Bruce and K. A. Masser. Oxford have their four Australians from last year's crew, and Cambridge two Americans, who take part in the race for the first time.





THE HEAVY CAMBRIDGE CREW AT PUTNEY ON THEIR SECOND FULL-COURSE TRIAL: SEVERE THINGS HAVE BEEN SAID ABOUT THE QUALITY OF THE CREW, BUT IN SPITE OF ANY TECHNICAL SHORTCOMINGS THEY PUT UP THE FAST TIME OF 18 MINS. 52 SECS. IN THEIR FIRST FULL-COURSE TRIAL. IN THEIR SECOND TRIAL THEY TOOK 22 MINS. 21 SECS.



THE OXFORD CREW AT WALLINGFORD, ON THEIR SECOND FULL-COURSE TRIAL: FROM THE EARLIEST TRIALS, THE PRECISION AND UNIFORMITY OF THE CREW HAVE BEEN IMPRESSIVE, AS IS THEIR ABILITY TO NEGOTIATE ROUGH WATER. THEIR SECOND FULL-COURSE TRIAL WAS ROWED IN 21 MINS. 24 SECS., A FAIR TIME IN RATHER POOR CONDITIONS.

**AN INTERESTING CONTRAST OF STYLES: CAMBRIDGE'S GREAT POWER MATCHED AGAINST OXFORD'S TECHNICAL SUPERIORITY.**

Eighteen young men in two slim outriggers command the attention of the nation to-day for something under half an hour. Crowds will line the banks of the Thames, sellers of boat-race favours will ride their annual wave of prosperity, television and radio commentaries will bring to millions in their own homes the incomparable picture of the two boats from the thrusting start at Putney to the final, weary spurt as they shoot Barnes Bridge to come in sight of their jubilant or dismayed supporters at the Mortlake winning-post. This year's race should

afford spectators an interesting contrast in styles. The Oxford crew, containing no fewer than five Old Blues from last year's winning boat, are said to be, as one might expect, technically superior, with an impressive uniformity and precision about their work that commends them to the expert. The Cambridge crew, on the other hand, have been called rough-and-ready in comparison, but no-one has failed to remark the great power that such a heavy crew is able to bring to bear. In short, it is anybody's race, and this is how it has always been.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

THE Arenarias, or Sandworts, are a family of about 150 species, and with a few exceptions they seem to me to be a somewhat dreary lot of poor relations, closely mixed up with

a crowd of even poorer relations—the Moehringias, the Minuartias and the Saginas. The "R.H.S. Dictionary of Gardening" mentions and describes—including synonyms—about fifty, but only "stars" two of them as being of special merit. Reginald Farrer devotes five whole pages of his "English Rock Garden" to the Sandworts. But, personally, I would say that the list of Arenarias of real garden merit

## THE SANDWORTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

a thread-like stem an inch or so high. In the right place it is quite charming, but among choice small plants it is capable of becoming a menace, a thug, strangling them with close, smothering embrace. It should be planted in the rock garden, therefore, with care, though it is only in the moist shady places that it misbehaves in this way. It seldom ventures into really hot, arid districts. For growing in the crevices of flagged or paved walks, it is first-rate, and there, even in open sunny positions, it will often grow extremely well, finding shady sanctuary in the slight depths between the flag-stones.

My favourite Sandwort, however, is *Arenaria purpurascens*, a dwarf, mat-forming plant, making turfs of close, fine green a foot or more across, spangled in summer with pretty, starry flowers on slender stems no more than 2 or 3 ins. high. A neat, easily-grown plant for a choice sunny spot in the rock garden, and especially in the stone sink or trough rock garden. The flowers of *A. purpurascens* are usually described as lilac, or purplish, and that certainly was the colour of the form known and grown until a few years ago. But collecting in the Cantabrian Alps, in Northern Spain, in 1935, I found *Arenaria purpurascens* growing in great abundance in one district, with flowers of pure pale-pink. This seemed to me such a distinct and attractive break, that I spent the best part of a morning ranging over a hillside where it was most abundant, searching for the best and deepest pink form, but although there was a good deal of variation in the depth of colour, I failed to find an individual as deep a pink as I hoped. However, my best specimen was a definite clear pale-rose colour, and despite the great heat at the time, I managed to nurse my plant home alive, and get it established. Since then the plant has been published and distributed under the varietal name *Arenaria purpurascens* "Elliott's Variety." A planting of both forms of this Sandwort, the pale lilac and the pink, growing together intermixed, would, I think, be even more attractive than one or other of them in isolation. Reginald Farrer, writing of this *Arenaria*—the normal lilac one—in his "English Rock Garden," gives it high praise. It "stands quite alone," he says, "one of the most cherished of plants in the garden, where it loves rather cooler exposures than the rest, as well may be, seeing that it comes from moist earth pans and chinks of the mountains in Aragon and Catalonia." That was not how I found it growing in the Cantabrians. It grew neither in moist earth pans nor in chinks of the mountains, but among sparse, dwarf herbage on poor, stony scree slopes exposed to the full blast of the Spanish sunshine. And here I give it much the same conditions, exposed to any sunshine that may happen along.

Greatly to my surprise, I find no mention in Farrer of *Arenaria verna*, a charming, small, British species, rare, or rather local in occurrence, and found here and there in Farrer's own Yorkshire hill country. It is a good perennial, and not difficult to grow, forming small,

close cushions of tiny narrow leaves, with dainty, almost fairy-like, starry white flowers with pink anthers. It is a plant for the small, stone trough rock garden, and then, perhaps, only for such folk as enjoy a few minute, unshowy, jewel-like absurdities.

For the clotted colour addict, *Arenaria verna* would have no appeal. I think my own liking for the plant is perhaps partly due to memories of the dour Yorkshire hill country—chiefly in the Craven Highlands—in which I have occasionally found it growing. Oddly enough, every time I have found *Arenaria verna* in



"IT SPREADS ABOUT IN A CLOSE, DENSE CARPET, TRAVELLING AT GREAT SPEED AND GIVING THE EFFECT OF A COAT OF GLOSSY EMERALD PAINT, SPANGLED ALL OVER, IN SEASON, WITH MYRIADS OF TINY, SNOW-WHITE STAR-FLOWERS": *ARENARIA BALEARICA*, WHICH IS "A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE PLANT FOR CLOTHING THE SHADY SIDES OF ROCKS, WALLS AND LEVEL GROUND WHERE CONDITIONS ARE COOL AND FAIRLY MOIST."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

might safely and justly be reduced to a dozen, with, perhaps, four or five others known, so far, only in botanical works, or as dried specimens in herbaria, but which might be worth introduction to horticulture.

My own personal choice would be far more limited, to include four species which I have actually grown and really enjoyed. The best of all the Sandworts is, surely, *Arenaria montana*, a vigorous plant, with slender, trailing stems, narrow, almost heathlike leaves, and immense quantities of big, snow-white blossoms. A really showy and beautiful plant for the rock garden and the wall garden, easy to grow in any decent soil (lightish preferred) in full sun, and covering perhaps 18 ins. or so of territory. The most effective planting of *Arenaria montana* I ever saw was a colony several yards across on a steep rock-garden slope with *Lithospermum prostratum* (now called *L. diffusum*) and *A. montana*, planted mixed, and running into one another in equal proportions to make a superb display of snow and sapphire. *Arenaria montana* is easy to strike from cuttings—young shoots taken early in the season. But the easier way is to raise it from seeds, unless you take the line of even less resistance and buy ready-made plants from a nursery.

*Arenaria balearica* is a delightful little plant for clothing the shady sides of rocks, walls and level ground where conditions are cool and fairly moist. It spreads about in a close, dense carpet, travelling at great speed and giving the effect of a coat of glossy emerald paint, spangled all over, in season, with myriads of tiny, snow-white star-flowers carried each upon



"A VIGOROUS PLANT, WITH SLENDER, TRAILING STEMS, NARROW, ALMOST HEATHLIKE LEAVES, AND IMMENSE QUANTITIES OF BIG, SNOW-WHITE BLOSSOMS": *ARENARIA MONTANA*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES AS BEING SURELY "THE BEST OF ALL THE SANDWORTS."

Photograph by Donald F. Merrett.



"A NEAT, EASILY-GROWN PLANT FOR A CHOICE SUNNY SPOT IN THE ROCK GARDEN, AND ESPECIALLY IN THE STONE SINK OR TROUGH ROCK GARDEN": *A. PURPURASCENS*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES AS HIS FAVOURITE SANDWORT.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

this country it has been growing in the neighbourhood of old lead-mines. It would be interesting to know whether it is *only* found growing near lead-mines, and, if so, whether it is the presence of the lead that influences *verna's* choice, or some rock or other ingredient that goes with the lead.

Another line of idle thought. What effect is the advent of myxomatosis going to have on the crocuses in my garden? The almost total extermination of rabbits has already upset the balance of nature or un-nature in this part of the world. The poultry population has suffered more severely than usual, and, as a result, the fox population has suffered reprisals, not only from the hunting fraternity. Attached to my house is a stone out-building known as the engine-room, where, among other things, poultry food is kept. Every winter during the last eight years, both rats and mice have made a community centre of the engine-room, with free board and lodging, until steps were taken to liquidate them. This winter there has not been a sign of either a rat or a mouse. I have quite missed their scurryings when I go to the engine-room at night, and the bore of having eventually to take steps against them. Can it be, I wonder, that, due to myxomatosis, the extermination of rabbits and the resulting hunger among our foxes, rats and mice have become so rare, that my crocus bulbs and other garden delicacies will enjoy a measure of immunity. The recent snow clearly showed the spoor of foxes who came to inspect my open-fronted hen-house. But they found themselves foxed by reinforcements of wire netting. Poor hungry creatures. How exasperating to peep in at a row of roosting hens, secure and smirking behind their iron curtain.





THE MOST STRIKING FEATURE: THE UNBROKEN EXPANSE OF THE SPORTS DECK, OF NEARLY 5000 SQ. FT., FROM THE BRIDGE TO THE FAR-AFT FUNNEL.



SCRUBBING THE DECKS THE MODERN WAY: A QUARTERMASTER AND MEMBERS OF THE CREW USING ELECTRIC DECK-SCRUBBING MACHINES NEAR THE DECK SWIMMING-POOL.



THE CINEMA LOUNGE, FROM ITS GALLERY: IT CAN BE USED FOR CINEMA SHOWS, CONCERTS AND FOR DANCING. THE STAGE DÉCOR IS BY MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN.

The Shaw Savill liner *Southern Cross* (20,000 tons) which was launched on August 17, 1954, by her Majesty the Queen—being, it is believed, the only merchant ship to have been launched by a reigning British Sovereign—has now completed her trials, being scheduled to begin her maiden voyage round the world on March 29. The *Southern Cross* is revolutionary in concept and design; and her nature derives from the fact that her owners consider it unsatisfactory to carry passengers and cargo, since cargo delays a run. As it is, this liner will be able to make four voyages round the world each year instead of less than three with a passenger-cum-cargo vessel. Once this decision was taken a number of factors came into existence, too numerous to discuss here but which have

## READY FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD: THE "TOURIST DE LUXE" SOUTHERN CROSS.



PART OF THE VERY LARGE LOUNGE OF THE *SOUTHERN CROSS*: AS SHE IS A SINGLE-CLASS LINER, ALL PUBLIC ROOMS ARE AVAILABLE TO EVERY PASSENGER.



A STEWARDESS ARRANGING THE FLOWERS IN A TWO-BEDSTEAD CABIN ON THE PROMENADE DECK: THERE ARE IN ALL 405 ROOMS, WITH BERTHS FOR 1160.



THE FORWARD RESTAURANT, LOOKING FORWARD TO THE CAPTAIN'S TABLE (CENTRE BACKGROUND); THERE IS A SMALLER AFTER RESTAURANT OF SIMILAR DESIGN.

resulted in the engines and the funnel being placed as far aft as possible, no cargo hatches, a Sports Deck uninterrupted from bridge to funnel, and the best part of the ship—the space amidships—given up entirely to public rooms and passenger accommodation. This lay-out was shown in detail in a double-page diagrammatic drawing which appeared in our issue of August 14, 1954. The *Southern Cross* is also a single-class liner—"tourist de luxe"—and so, with all the public rooms being open to all, gives a great feeling of spaciousness. Since the engines are so far aft, vibration is hardly felt at all. Denny Brown stabilisers are fitted; and there is a most extensive air-conditioning system, necessary because there are many inward-looking cabins.



# THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



I HAVE entertained feelings of respect for the ocean sunfishes ever since the moment, many years ago, that I was being conducted through the galleries of the Natural History Museum in London. My guide, one of the best naturalists of his day, paused and pointed to a large stuffed fish high up on a wall. Its body was more or less oval, with a ridiculously small mouth in front, and from near the rear end of the body a blade-like fin rose vertically from its back and was balanced by a similar fin on the under-surface. "That," my guide said, with a solemnity obviously intended to impress, "is a sunfish. It weighs half a ton and has only half-an-inch of spinal cord." Such is the lasting impression of

## OCEAN SUNFISHES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

fresh-water sunfish of North America, of the family *Centrarchidae*, lives normally in the open ocean, where it may on occasion be seen floating at the surface, as if basking in the sun. It seems fairly certain now that this behaviour has nothing pleasurable in it; that a fish at the surface is, in fact, sick or moribund. The food of the sunfish has been described at various times as small crustacea, seaweeds and corallines, which seems remarkable for an ocean-going fish, and other

writers have described how small, deep-sea fishes have been taken from the stomach, suggesting that it is capable of diving to considerable depths. At the same time, it is said to be a sluggish swimmer, propelling itself by sideward movements of the two conspicuous blade-like fins already referred to. The truth seems to be that it has a very varied diet, feeding equally on free-swimming or bottom-living animals and plants, even on fish up to 2 ft. long. Moreover, it is a speedy swimmer. It must, however, be singularly defenceless, and it has been suggested that it owes its survival to a layer of hard, gristly material, 2 to 3 ins. thick, underlying the tough, leathery outer skin. When captured, a sunfish is said to utter loud, grunting noises, produced by grating together the upper and lower pharyngeal teeth. Nothing is known of its breeding habits or spawning grounds. The newly-hatched sunfish is of normal shape and possesses a tail, but this it soon loses, and at

the same time acquires an armour of strong spines projecting in every direction all over the body. Later, a new tailfin is developed, which joins up with the dorsal and anal fins, the spines are lost, the body becomes deeper than long, and from then on—that is, from

had been cut off and a new, distorted tail regenerated. There is, in fact, an atrophy of the hinder end of the backbone, and a rearrangement of the remaining bones to form a strong, fan-shaped skeleton to support the two blade-like fins.

Like the sea-serpent, the sunfish has the habit of breaking into the news sporadically and unpredictably, and it has done so twice again in recent years. In the first instance, it may, perhaps, be said to have been dragged into the limelight by the publication



THE EARLIEST KNOWN PICTURE OF AN OCEAN SUNFISH. THE MORE FAMILIAR OF THE FIVE SPECIES OF OCEAN SUNFISHES (*MOLA MOLA*), WHICH MAY WEIGH MORE THAN A TON, BE 7 FT. OR MORE LONG, WITH LESS THAN AN INCH OF SPINAL CORD. THE DRAWING IS FROM WILLOUGHBY'S *HISTORIA PISCUM*, 1686, AND THE ARTIST HAS FOLDED BACK THE TWO FINS, WHICH RISE VERTICALLY FROM THE BACK AND UNDER-SURFACE, IN ORDER TO SAVE SPACE.

words properly delivered, that I never now pass that stuffed sunfish without thinking of the half-ton body and the half-inch spinal cord. There must be some profound implication underlying these simple statistics, but I have never been able to see what it might be. So, for me, this bizarre fish has always smacked of mystery.

Although there is an extensive, if scattered, literature on these large fishes, dating from the seventeenth century, the amount that is known of their habits is relatively small. And until recent years comparatively little was known of their anatomy. Ocean sunfishes seem to be fairly rare, although widely distributed in tropical and sub-tropical waters, and individuals have not infrequently strayed into temperate waters. They have appeared at several points off the coasts of the British Isles, and in 1734 one weighing 500 lb. penetrated into Plymouth Sound; another, 6 ft. 3 ins. long, was taken a century later on the Chesil Beach, in Dorset. Our knowledge of them depends very largely upon this kind of chance encounter. It is not possible, as with most species, to set out with the express purpose of collecting specimens. Moreover, if the fish is caught, its great bulk usually makes its preservation and transport difficult, one of the largest known being nearly 8 ft. long and weighing 1½ tons—with a spinal cord measuring three-fifths of an inch, a mere appendage of the brain.

An ocean sunfish, so-called to distinguish it more certainly from a totally different type of fish, the



AS DEPICTED BY AN ITALIAN ARTIST IN 1746: AN OCEAN SUNFISH SEEN IN ANOTHER EARLY PICTURE. THIS DRAWING SHOWS *RANZANIA LAEVIS*, WHICH IS FOUND THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AS FAR NORTH AS SCANDINAVIA AND AS FAR SOUTH AS NEW ZEALAND.

of "The Ocean Sunfishes (Family *Molidae*)," by A. Fraser-Brunner (Bulletin of the British Museum [Natural History], 1951). Although we may speak for convenience of the ocean sunfish, there are, in fact, five species, which Fraser-Brunner assigns to three separate genera. These, with their distribution, are: *Ranzania laevis*, from all warm seas, as far north as Scandinavia and as far south as New Zealand; *Masturus oxyrinchus* and *M. lanceolatus*, from the Atlantic and Pacific; *Mola mola*, from all warm seas; and *M. ramsayi*, from New Zealand, Australia and Chile.

*Mola mola* is the best-known of the ocean sunfishes, and Fraser-Brunner records that its food includes surface-swimming medusae, salps and comb-jellies, and, at other times, crustacea, brittle-stars, molluscs, hydroids, corallines and seaweeds, all from the sea-bed. It is also known to feed heavily on eel-larvae. We can, however, record a *quid pro quo*, for the stomach of a tunny has been found to contain a hundred or so post-larvae of *Masturus lanceolatus*, so, presumably, the armature of spines is little protection.

The second, and genuine, intrusion into the scientific news is given by Tom Harrisson, of the Sarawak Museum, who records that in August 1954 seven specimens, each about 5 lb. weight, were taken in the estuarine delta of the Sarawak River, the first to be noted for twenty-five years. Five pounds is a small weight beside the ton or more recorded elsewhere, but Mr. Harrisson's specimens belong to *Ranzania laevis*, which nowhere achieves the large size of *Mola mola*.



THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF AN OCEAN SUNFISH: ONE OF THE SEVEN OCEAN SUNFISHES (*RANZANIA LAEVIS*) CAUGHT IN THE ESTUARINE DELTA OF THE SARAWAK RIVER IN AUGUST 1954, AND NOW IN THE SARAWAK MUSEUM. THIS SPECIMEN WEIGHED ONLY ABOUT 5 LB.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of Mr. Tom Harrisson.

the size of half-an-inch overall—it takes on the shape of the adult.

Indeed, the adult sunfish looks as if its tail had been amputated, as if the hinder half of the body





MOVING HOUSE BY WATER: A THREE-STOREY FIFTEEN-ROOMED COASTGUARD STATION, WEIGHING 200 TONS, BEING TOWED ON THE WATER FROM THE SAND DUNES AT NAPEAGUE, ON THE TIP OF LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK, TO STAR ISLAND, A TEN-MILE JOURNEY.

HERE AND THERE: SOME UNUSUAL ITEMS IN THE NEWS, AND PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE.



CAUGHT ON LIGHT TACKLE: A HUGE PIKE, WEIGHING NEARLY 30 LB., HELD BY MR. E. TURNER, OF CHICHESTER, WHO CAUGHT IT AT LAYTHORNE LAKE, WHYKE. This pike, weighing 29½ lb., was hooked on a No. 8 hook and played for fifty-five minutes on a line of 4-lb. breaking strain before it was gaffed and landed at Laythorne Lake, Whyke, by Mr. Edward Turner, of Chichester. The record English pike of 37½ lb. was caught at Fordingbridge in 1944.



BEFORE YOUR BREAKFAST EGG IS LAID: THE DEVELOPMENT OF EGGS IN THE INTERIOR OF A HEN'S BODY DEMONSTRATED IN A PLASTIC MODEL AT AN AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN VERONA.



ONE OF THE NEW PUBLICITY IDEAS DEMONSTRATED AT THE 57TH INTERNATIONAL AGRICULTURAL FAIR IN VERONA, ITALY: A PLASTIC MODEL OF A MILCH-COW ON THE U.S. INFORMATION SERVICE STAND, SHOWING THE VARIOUS STAGES OF MILK PRODUCTION.



WORKING IN A VITAL BRANCH OF THE R.A.F.: MEN OF A PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNIT LOADING AERIAL CAMERAS WITH 36-IN. LENS INTO A CANBERRA.



JUST BEFORE SWITCHING ON THE ELECTRICALLY-CONTROLLED CAMERAS: AN R.A.F. PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE NAVIGATOR TRACKING HIS TARGET ON THE CRESCENT-SHAPED SIGHT. A branch of the Royal Air Force which is assuming ever-increasing importance is photographic reconnaissance, which has performed vital work since the beginning of World War I. To-day most of the work is carried out in jet aircraft—the Canberra P.R.3 and P.R.7 and the Meteor P.R.10, which operate at heights exceeding 40,000 ft.; and even in peacetime photographic reconnaissance is performing valuable services. This photograph and the one shown (left) were taken at the P.R. Unit at Wyton, in Huntingdonshire.



## UNSOLVED ENIGMAS IN BIRD COLONISATION: SOME STRANGE ANOMALIES IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF EUROPEAN BIRDS.

By COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

THERE are, of course, many fundamental factors which, either singly or in combination, influence, and sometimes wholly govern, the distribution of birds and other living creatures. Unquestionably the most important of these is the existence or absence of an adequate and sustained supply of a suitable food. The prior occupation of a territory by one or more stronger competitors for that supply will naturally exercise a considerable effect on the population of a weaker species, though seldom to such a pronounced degree as will an excessive number of predators, among which man is often the most formidable. Birds requiring specialised nesting-sites as, for example, sand martins or bee-eaters, both of which need vertical banks or cliffs composed of a sandstone that is neither too hard nor too soft, will, of course, be found during their breeding season only where such conditions exist, and the same is true of all species seeking nesting accommodation of a peculiar character.

Temperature, apart from extreme cold, when frost and snow may make it impossible for a bird to obtain sustenance, appears to exercise comparatively little influence on a species' dispersal, as may be seen from the large number of migrants which habitually breed in the Far North and then spend their winter in the torrid heat of some tropical country.

But none of the above factors can satisfactorily explain some remarkable anomalies that occur in the distribution of certain birds. Perhaps the most amazing case is that of the azure-winged magpie (*Cyanopica cyanus*), a graceful and charmingly coloured species of about two-thirds the size of our common magpie. If we ignore, as I intend doing throughout the present article, insignificant differences in the plumages of barely distinguishable local races, this bird may be said to occupy a broad belt of territory extending in roughly a north-easterly direction from the coasts of southern Portugal and the mouth of the Guadalquivir into west-central Spain to as far as Segovia. Elsewhere in Europe it is unknown; indeed, before we can hope to meet with this magpie again we must travel something like 6000 miles to either Siberia, China, Korea or Japan. How did this Iberian colony come into existence separated, as it now is, from the main habitat of the species by such an immense distance? That is a question no one can answer with any certainty. There is, however, a strong probability that its present isolation is of great antiquity and that it dates from the onset of the Pleistocene Ice Age. Although the permanent ice cover was then supposed to have reached no farther than Denmark and parts of Germany, there can be no doubt that extensive glacial barriers were formed at that time along the lines of both the Pyrenees and

nested regularly in Andalusia between 2000 and 3000 miles from any others of their kind. These others—that is to say, the section of the crane population which inhabits the western half of the Old World—still migrate annually after spending the winter in Africa and southern Spain to breed in the more remote parts of north-east Europe, Scandinavia and Siberia. But



EXISTING IN TWO COLONIES 6000 MILES APART: THE AZURE-WINGED MAGPIE IS UNKNOWN BETWEEN THE IBERIAN PENINSULA AND ITS MAIN HABITAT IN SIBERIA, CHINA KOREA, OR JAPAN.



"THAT THE SAME SPECIES SHOULD NATURALLY INHABIT LOCALITIES SO UTTERLY DIFFERENT IS, I BELIEVE, ALMOST WITHOUT PARALLEL": THE CRESTED TIT.

The drawings on this page are by Mr. Collingwood Ingram.

unlike the problem presented by the azure-winged magpie, it is fairly obvious how this isolated Andalusian colony of cranes became so widely separated from the species' present breeding-grounds; it clearly constituted a last surviving relic of a once-extensive and relatively continuous geographical distribution. Before the rapid increase in Europe's human population the crane probably bred in many of the more secluded parts of the continent; in fact, it is known to have done so in the fens of

England up to the end of the sixteenth century. Nesting, as it does, on the ground, its eggs and young have always been an easy prey for mankind, the bird's principal and, in most places, its only enemy. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that the crane should have now been exterminated as a breeding species, not only from Spain, but from all but the remotest parts of Europe; Sweden, perhaps, being the only exception, for there it is strictly preserved and, in consequence, is still able to nest sparingly in the centre of that country.

Glancing casually at a map showing the range of the red-billed chough (*Coracia pyrrhocorax*), one would say there was nothing unusual about its distribution. Nor is there, save, perhaps, in only one particular. It cannot, I think, be attributed to coincidence that, without exception, all the choughs I have come across have been haunting the most exposed and windy situations. At sea-level this has been especially noticeable. Small and more or less isolated colonies of choughs occur along the rocky western coasts of Islay, in Scotland; those of the Isles of Aran and the headlands of Kerry, in Ireland; the Land's End, in England; Finistère, in France, and Cape St. Vincent, in Portugal—all of which sites, be it noted, are fully exposed to the Atlantic and therefore open to its recurrent westerly gales; moreover, wherever I have

found the bird in mountainous country (it does not occur at intermediate elevations), it has shown a similar preference for bleak, wind-swept districts. From these facts it may, I think, be assumed that the chough intentionally selects such habitats and, that being so, it is reasonable to suppose that wind, in some way, is of ecological importance to the species—possibly as a means of minimising competition for, apart from swifts, hirundines and some of the raptors, most non-oceanic birds carefully avoid exposed and unprotected localities.

Apart from the island of Sardinia, in Europe, the Barbary partridge (*Alectoris barbara*) inhabits only the few square miles which comprise the Rock of Gibraltar and even there it is confined to a narrow strip of precipitous ground on the eastern side. If, as some maintain, the original stock of Gibraltar baboons was genuinely indigenous, they, together with this partridge and a peculiar slug (*Letourneuxia*), must be regarded as isolated survivors of a former and more widely dispersed African fauna—three remaining relicts of an age when the two continents were united at this point by a land bridge. That the Barbary partridge has in recent times never spread into Spain can probably be explained by the presence there of a more robust and pugnacious rival in the shape of the red-legged partridge, a bird whose habits and habitats are very like those of its less-enterprising African relative. Nevertheless, it is very remarkable that the Barbary partridge, a species adequately endowed with the powers of flight, should have been content to remain for so many centuries within an area of scarcely more than a few hundred acres. The bird no doubt owes its survival in such a very restricted space to the fact that this has, ever since the British occupation, been regarded as a part of the Gibraltar fortress from which the public has always been strictly excluded.

The crested tit (*Parus cristatus*) offers another curious example of a discontinuous distribution and, incidentally, proof that climatic conditions can sometimes have very little effect on a bird's range. In Great Britain this tit is found as a resident species in only a few scattered localities in Scotland, the chief of which being the Spey Valley, a district said to experience some of the coldest winters in our islands. The bird does not occur again as a resident species until we reach the continent of Europe, where, however, it is widely, if somewhat erratically, distributed. Although



"A SPECIES ADEQUATELY ENDOWED WITH THE POWERS OF FLIGHT, CONTENT TO REMAIN FOR CENTURIES WITHIN AN AREA OF SCARCELY MORE THAN A FEW HUNDRED ACRES": THE BARBARY PARTRIDGE.

Alps down to the shores of the Mediterranean. These icy barriers would naturally tend to segregate animal life and force it into the warmer, ocean-influenced climate of the south-western corner of the Iberian Peninsula.

Until quite recently—namely, up to the end of last century—the crane (*Megalornis grus*) offered an apparently parallel example of a species having what would seem to be an inexplicable hiatus in its distribution. At that time an isolated colony of these birds



"HAUNTING THE MOST EXPOSED AND WINDY SITUATIONS": THE RED-BILLED CHOUGH PREFERS THE BLEAK ATLANTIC COASTS AND THE WINDSWEEP HEIGHTS.

favouring coniferous forests, it is by no means restricted to woodlands of that nature. For instance, it breeds just as freely in the sun-scorched coastal cork woods of southern Spain and Provence as it does in the high Alps, where I once found it nesting at an elevation of no less than 6000 ft., only a short distance from perpetual snow. That the same species should naturally inhabit localities so utterly different, not only in climate but in almost every other respect, is, I believe, almost without parallel, and is certainly unique among European birds.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK:  
SOME PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**CHAMPION OF THE FRENCH SMALL TRADER:**  
**M. PIERRE POUJADE.**

M. Poujade, a provincial stationer, has recently sprung into prominence by his leadership of the million-strong movement for the defence of small shopkeepers and artisans against tax proposals embodied in the Finance Bill before the French Assembly. An onlooker at the critical debate on March 19, he was said to have dominated the proceedings by the threat of his disapproval. He is thirty-three years old.



**A PILOT SAVED BY THE NEW FLYING-SCOOP DEVICE: THE AIRCRAFT AND PERSONALITIES INVOLVED.**

A helicopter from the Royal Naval Air Station at Ford, Sussex, piloted by Lieut.-Commander John Sproule, R.N., inventor of the new scoop net for air-sea rescue, saved the life of another Royal Navy pilot, whose *Firefly* aircraft crashed in the Channel on March 18. Seen above are (right) Lieut.-Commander Sproule, (centre) Chief Petty Officer Edward Sherlock, who operated the scoop, and the rescued pilot, Lieutenant Raymond Foulkes.



**LOSING THE LABOUR PARTY WHIP:**  
**MR. ANEURIN BEVAN.**

Mr. Bevan is seen above driving to the House of Commons on March 16 to attend the meeting of the Parliamentary Labour Party, at which it was decided, by a majority of 29, to withdraw from him the Party Whip. Protests against this action have been made by constituency Labour parties and Trade Union groups in many parts of Britain, who hope to prevent his final expulsion by the National Executive.



**NEW CONSERVATIVE CHAIRMAN ELECTED:**  
**MRS. EVELYN EMMET.**

At the meeting of the Central Council of National Union of Conservative and Unionist Associations on March 17 a new chairman, Mrs. E. Emmet, was elected. Mrs. Emmet, who was educated at Lady Margaret Hall and the London School of Economics, served with the British Delegation to the United Nations in 1952-53.



**TO BE AMBASSADOR IN PRAGUE:**

**MR. GEORGE CLINTON PELHAM.** Mr. George Clinton Pelham, who has been Ambassador at Jeddah since 1951, is to be Ambassador at Prague, in succession to Sir Derwent Ker-mode. Mr. Pelham, who is fifty-six, had some fifteen years' service in China between the wars. From 1945-48 he was in Baghdad, and then for three years in Madrid until his appointment to Saudi Arabia.



**RESPONSIBLE FOR THE YALTA DISCLOSURES: MR. DULLES.**

The United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dulles, who has just visited Canada, at a Press Conference in Ottawa defended the U.S. right to publish the Yalta documents, and also its decision to do so. Sir Winston Churchill has stated in the House of Commons that there were "serious mistakes" in the American account of the Conference.



**LEAVING CAIRO TO FLY TO AMMAN: PRINCESS DINA, FIANCEE OF KING HUSSEIN OF JORDAN.**

Princess Dina arrived in Amman by air for a short visit on March 17, accompanied by her parents (her mother can be seen in this photograph) and her cousin, Prince Hassan Alawn. The wedding of Princess Dina to King Hussein of Jordan is expected to take place about the middle of April.



**ARRIVING IN FRANKFURT FROM CANADA AFTER TWENTY-TWO YEARS OF EXILE: DR. OTTO STRASSER.**

Dr. Strasser, a former member of the Nazi Party and later an opponent of Hitler, arrived in Germany on March 19 after twenty-two years of exile abroad. His brother, Gregor, who stayed in Germany, was executed by the Nazis. Dr. Strasser has expressed his intention of resuming his political career, with the reunification of Germany as his primary objective. He is fifty-seven years of age.



**LEAVING FOR BUCKINGHAM PALACE: H.E. DR. ARIAS AND MADAME ARIAS (MARGOT FONTEYN).**

On March 16 his Excellency Señor Dr. Don Roberto E. Arias presented his Letters of Credence, as the new Ambassador of Panama to the Court of St. James's, to H.M. the Queen at Buckingham Palace. Madame Arias (Britain's *prima ballerina*—Margot Fonteyn) accompanied her husband and was received by her Majesty.



**CHIEF OF THE PALESTINE TRUCE ORGANISATION VISITS NEW YORK: GENERAL E. L. M. BURNS WITH MR. HAMMARSKJÖLD.**

When the Security Council met on March 17 to consider the conflicting complaints of Egypt and Israel of aggression against each other, it heard an account of the events leading up to the Gaza clash from Major-General Burns, of the Canadian Army, who had flown from Jerusalem to make his report to the United Nations. He is seen above with the Secretary of the United Nations Organisation, Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld.



## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

"PRINCE OF FLOWER PAINTERS."\*

By FRANK DAVIS.



AS I write this, squalls of sleet and snow are being driven against the window by a fierce Nor'-Easter; none the less, spring is on the way, for there is a bowl of daffodils in the corner. I draw the curtains, stoke the fire, and fall to wondering why so graceful a flower does not seem to have attracted the painters



"A VASE OF FLOWERS"; BY JAN VAN HUYSUM (1682-1749).

"A glass vase standing on a yellow marble pilaster, filled with tulips, delphinium, roses, lilac, anemones, frit blossoms, primula, convolvulus, poppies, etc. Nearby a nest with fledglings, a cluster of grapes and a large fly." (Oil on glass; 24½ by 19½ ins.) (Galleria Uffizi, Florence.)

of the past. Was it because, until the nineteenth century, the daffodil was not cultivated—was not a garden flower but seen only in its wild state? I leave the answer to those who know and merely record the fact that I do not remember any seventeenth- or eighteenth-century painter who tried to set down on panel or canvas its very special beauty, though it makes a modest appearance in one or two of Van Huysum's flower pieces.

If, despite the elements, spring is just down the road, then summer is not far off, and here is a handsome book as its harbinger, "Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749); including a Catalogue raisonné, of the Artist's Fruit and Flower Paintings," by Colonel M. H. Grant, who years ago put us all in his debt by pioneer studies on English landscape painters, disinterring from obscurity the names of dozens of capable men, many of whose pictures had been masquerading under other and greater names.

Each generation makes its own standards and it is easy to see how Van Huysum, painting away indefatigably in his Amsterdam studio, acquired his nickname of the "Prince of Flower Painters," so exactly does he interpret the spirit of his age, in reaction against the somewhat prim, neat fruit and flower arrangements which are so familiar from the work of his predecessors, whether Dutch or Flemish. At first sight his compositions—which are, in fact, most carefully organised—give an impression of riotous abandon; a closer acquaintance with the ten excellent colour plates in this volume will show with what painstaking ingenuity he must have arranged his models before beginning the immense task of translating them into paint. All

flower-painters are, in a somewhat limited sense, portrait-painters; theirs not to penetrate the character of their sitters, but to reproduce their outward form. To that degree it is a lesser art, demanding a photographic eye rather than exceptional imaginative gifts.

When a great master of the calibre of Renoir turns his attention to flowers, it is not so much roses he is painting as the effect of light upon them. The older specialists like Van Huysum have more pedestrian aims; their clients were, as often as not, flower-growers and flower-collectors, who were not interested in painting as such, but in horticultural triumphs. Here, with goodly and comfortable and eloquent phrases which should put you in the right mood to enjoy either a garden or a flower-painting. They are from Van Oosten's "The Dutch Gardener," published in 1703, when Jan celebrated his twenty-first birthday. Van Oosten is speaking specifically of tulips, but his words do, in fact, embrace all flowers.

"How much Acquaintance doth their Rarity not afford to knowing Artists? How many pleasant Visits? How much friendly Conversations? And how many solid Reasonings? Certainly it is the sweetest life in the World, and a very pleasant Entertainment to our Thoughts, to employ them thus in the Contemplation of Flowers, with the wonderful Elaboration of Nature, and to consider the Power of its Maker. And this without doubt would have been the contemplative Business of our first Father, if he had remained in the State of Innocency . . ."

But, in fact, the taste of the times demanded something more than this idealism; it liked to be reminded that dewdrops, ants, flies, snails are normally to be found in flower-beds, and it liked its painters to introduce something wholly incongruous as well—a bird's nest displayed to show the eggs. Out of the ten pictures illustrated, six show a bird's nest resting on the slab on which stands the vase of flowers; it is a curious convention and oddly and naively charming.

Just as the flies and ants are charming. The painter, having performed his minor miracle of skill with the flowers, then seems to say to himself, "I will paint in a fly here and do it so well that anyone who sees the flowers will think the fly is a real fly and try to brush it off," and that is just what has happened on many occasions, both with Van Huysum and his near contemporaries. Their glorious, flaunting bouquets are familiar enough, so much so that we are apt to forget that they have their origin far back in the history of painting—quiet little details of still-life, a flower or two in a vase, a plant in a pot, a lily before the figure of the Madonna—all painted with loving care.

It was not until the seventeenth century that flower-paintings as such were normally considered as suitable subjects in themselves for a picture, and that was in Holland and Flanders. The earliest of them all?—as far as I know, by no less a master than the fifteenth-century Bruges master Hans

Memling, for on the back of a magnificent portrait of a man by him which used to be—and for all I know still is—in the Castle Rohoncz collection at Lugano, is a painting of flowers in a maiolica jug, resting upon a Persian rug thrown over a table—a very usual method of displaying a rug, by the way. (For an illustration of this early panel, look up Dr. Friedlander's collection of essays entitled "On Art and Connoisseurship," published by Bruno Cassirer, London, 1942.)

Apart from a very brief introduction—and little is known about the painter's life beyond the undoubted fact that he was both industrious and successful, and had three brothers who were also painters, two of whom were nearly his equal—the main part of Colonel Grant's study consists of a detailed catalogue in which 241 paintings and nearly eighty drawings, mostly in water-colour, some in pen, wash, chalk, etc., are listed and described. Of these drawings, fifty-three are in the British Museum. Four of the paintings were war casualties, one in Dresden, the remaining three lost in May 1945, in a fire in the flak tower, Friedrichshafen, where they had been stored for safety during the air raids on Berlin. There is a great variety of flowers. Here is a typical example: "On a marble table, before a semi-circular niche, an earthenware jar filled with poppies, parrot tulips, primula, hyacinths and other flowers. A rosebud has fallen to the plinth in front of the vase, to the right a poppy droops to touch the



"FLOWER PIECE"; BY JAN VAN HUYSUM (1682-1749).

"Profusion of all kinds of flowers in reddish earthenware pot against a light background. The flowers are peonies, tulips, daffodils, primulas, delphinium, papaver, fnesia, iris, crown lilies and roses; white and blue grapes; a bird's nest with two greenish eggs, flies, bumblebees, gnats, etc.; here and there drops of water." Signed Jan Van Huysum. (Oak panel; 39½ by 30½ ins.) (In the possession of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Beuker de Kruyff van Dorssen, Heelsum, Holland.)

Illustrations by courtesy of the publishers of "Jan van Huysum," the book reviewed on this page.

table. At the base of the vase a bird's nest with four eggs. A snail climbs the edge of the table. Ants and other insects midst the flowers and foliage." Does anyone want an excuse for an extended holiday?

(As if you or I ever wanted an excuse!) I mean, does any fortunate citizen require a theme for a prolonged holiday? He could do worse than pursue Van Huysum throughout the world; he will find him an honoured guest in public and private collections in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, France, Russia, Italy, the U.S.A.—which is a reasonably adequate itinerary to begin with. Then there are numerous recorded paintings by him whose present whereabouts are unknown; and, of course, there is always the chance of adding to Colonel Grant's list by finding one or two others in obscure corners. This book is indispensable for such an expedition, and will remain a standard work of reference for many years to come.

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\* On this page Frank Davis reviews "Jan Van Huysum (1682-1749); including a Catalogue raisonné of the Artist's Fruit and Flower Paintings." By Colonel M. H. Grant. Ten plates in full colour. (F. Lewis, Leigh-on-Sea. Edition de luxe, limited to 500 copies. 48 8s.)



# "FINE PAINTINGS OF FOUR CENTURIES": WORKS ON VIEW IN A CURRENT LONDON EXHIBITION.



"PORTRAIT OF A BEARDED OLD MAN"; BY REMBRANDT VAN RIJN (1607-1669), AN EARLY WORK OF GREAT INTEREST. (Panel; 25 by 19 ins.) INITIALLED. (Formerly in the collection of Earl Poulett.)



"PORTRAIT OF THOMAS CROMWELL (1485?-1540)"; BY HANS HOLBEIN, THE YOUNGER (1497-1543), REPEATING THE PROFILE HEAD OF THE LARGE PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1534. PAINTED ON THE BOTTOM OF A WOODEN BOX, THE RIM OF WHICH HAS BEEN CUT AWAY AND REPLACED BY A GOLD CIRCLET. (Panel; 4 ins. diam.) (Formerly in the collection of Lieut.-Colonel N. W. B. B. Thomas.)



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY"; BY GOVAERT FLINCK (1615-1660), AN ATTRACTIVE EXAMPLE OF DUTCH PORTRAITURE. SIGNED AND DATED 1646. (Canvas; 48 by 35½ ins.) (Formerly in the collection of Viscountess Bertiey of Thame.)



"A VIEW OF THE DOGANA AND THE CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELLA SALUTE, VENICE"; BY FRANCESCO GUARDI (1712-1793), A CHARACTERISTIC WORK OF THE FAMOUS VENETIAN ARTIST. (Panel; 9½ by 14 ins.)



"PEONIES"; BY HENRI FANTIN-LATOURE (1836-1902), WHO, ALTHOUGH A PORTRAIT PAINTER OF SENSITIVITY, IS CHIEFLY ADMIRER IN THIS COUNTRY FOR HIS FLOWER-PIECES. SIGNED AND DATED 1891. (Canvas; 21 by 20 ins.)



"PLAGE DE VILLERS"; BY EUGENE BOUDIN (1824-1898), ONE OF THE BEAUTIFULLY LUMINOUS SEABOARD SUBJECTS ON THE CHANNEL AND NORTH SEA COASTS IN WHICH THIS ARTIST EXCELLED. SIGNED AND DATED '94. (Panel; 10½ by 16½ ins.)



"CANAL PRÈS D'OVERSCHIE"; BY JOHANN BARTHOLD JONGKIND (1819-1891), BORN IN HOLLAND, BUT A MEMBER OF THE FRENCH SCHOOL; FRIEND OF BOUDIN, CALS AND COURBET. SIGNED, AND DATED 1857, LOWER RIGHT. (Canvas; 16 by 22 ins.)

An interesting and important small exhibition of "Fine Paintings of Four Centuries" opened on March 21 at the William Hallsborough Gallery, in Piccadilly Arcade, and will continue until April 30. The Holbein portrait of Thomas Cromwell, the minister of Henry VIII., which repeats the profile head of the large portrait which Holbein painted in 1534, when Cromwell was Master of the Jewel House of Henry VIII., is painted on the bottom of a wooden box, as are

the two portraits of a married couple painted in the same year, now in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna. The rim of the box has been cut away (a practice which has been followed with similar paintings) and in its place a gold rim has been added. The head is beautifully preserved, and to quote the words of Professor Paul Ganz in connection with the work, it "illustrates in the precise drawing and fine modelling Hans Holbein's art of portraiture in its perfection."



# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MY headline this week, Ratty's glad cry from "Toad of Toad Hall," is so much in my mind that it is a wonder I do not quote it more often. Although no one could call me an unmixed success at messing about in boats, I do enjoy the idea, theoretically. And no doubt I should have been very much better at the business myself if I had not been put off, years ago, by horrific legends of my grandfather.

As a deep-water man, he had ways of his own of teaching his boys to swim. He would row them out with some speed to the middle of a harbour,

ports." When we get there this port is in the midst of a Music Festival, organised by a charmingly determined Mrs. Coleridge. To my surprised pleasure, she turns out to be Marie Ney; during the course of the evening she is left with a solo, "Marry a man with a mind," and most pleasantly she sings it.

The plot—and bless the authors' hearts—develops when the wife of the messer-about-in-boats knows that she is in love with the major violinist down for the Festival. That is all there is to it, except that—after the husband's boat goes up in flame—he and his wife decide to stick together, no longer swimming

against the tide. There is very little else to say, merely a report that the tunes are right, that the dialogue is desperate padding between tunes, and that, when we are listening to such useful lyrics as "A girl ought to look like a girl" (trio) and to an almost-Gilbertian patter-song about running a festival, we feel they would have fitted better into intimate revue. But, as I have said in earlier articles, intimate revue seems (for a while, at least) to have passed its meridian. I shall be most eager to know what Laurier Lister, who has any amount of taste—and who produced, in "Airs on a Shoestring," one of the very best entertainments of our day—proposes to do next.

Acting? Just enough to carry on with: there is Miss Ney, of course; Michael Gough looms determinedly, using about one-tenth of the power he can generate in a modern problem-piece; and Diane Todd is invariably likeable, whether she is in a drill-hall, on the quayside (no water visible—certainly not from the stalls), or in the Green-room of the old Theatre Royal. That seems to be used now for Music Festival concerts, and, doubtless, never gets anything like "The Burning Boat." (The settings, by the way, are Sir Hugh Casson's.)

We shall soon know whether or not this runs. If it fails, I shall put it down to the almost complete absence

of story; there is nothing at all of the binding that should hold a musical play together.

Messing about in boats. . . . That, in André Obey's "Sacrifice to the Wind" (Arts), is just what the Greeks are not doing. They want to, but they cannot. On the journey to Troy they have lain, becalmed, for six weeks, at Aulis, the place of which a late-Victorian poet wrote:

The strand that held the thousand ships,  
The Aulis of delay.

According to the cunning priest, Calchas, there is only one thing to do. Agamemnon the King must



"THE PLAY, WHICH HAS THE MEANING FRENCH TITLE, 'Une fille pour du vent,' HAS BEEN WELL TRANSLATED BY JOHN WHITING, THOUGH IT DROOPS IN THE MIDDLE": "SACRIFICE TO THE WIND," BY ANDRÉ OBEY (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) THE YOUNG SOLDIER (JOHN CHARLESWORTH); CLYTEMNESTRA (PEGGY THORPE-BATES); MENELAUS (JOHN VAN EYSEN); IPHIGENIA (HELENA HUGHES) AND ULYSSES (RUPERT DAVIES).

toss them overboard, and wait benevolently to see what happened. Of course, they swam like ducks, and messed about in boats all their lives. Unfortunately, someone told me this too early—with the result that, though a great man for cliffs and coves, I never took to the water. I enjoyed walking with my father whenever he was at home, but strove, as a rule, to lead him inland—awkward occasionally, with sea on three sides of us. I argued that I never knew what he might do if we came handily near a boat: on the whole, the downs seemed to be safer.

Still, I repeat, in theory I am all for Ratty's "messing." Thus my heart was with the young ex-naval husband in "The Burning Boat" (Royal Court), who preferred to spend his time sailing around the bay. Agreed, it was a pity he neglected his wife; but one felt it would be all right in the end, and it was. There can rarely have been a piece with less plot than this. It is highly doubtful, I think, whether it will survive, and I mention it here mainly as an example of the new West End fashion for simplicity. (How far will it lead us?)

Nicholas Phipps and Geoffrey Wright, composer-librettists, have (so to speak) burned their boats by the end of the first act. We realise then that there can be no plot to speak of, and that we must depend for the rest of the night upon the music (which has genuine quiet charm) and the lyrics, which can be both good and horrid: good when they are being mildly comic in the vein of "Sir Matthew," and horrid when they are sentimental, as in "Swimming Against the Tide." We swim against the tide so often that I was not surprised when my companion whispered to me, towards the end, "Haven't they any kind of tide-table in this place?"

They should have had, for the place was called Tormouth. Now Tormouth, my dear Watson—if one reads the clues aright—could very well be somewhere on the North Devon coast. It would probably have pleased the late Powys Mathers ("Torquemada"), who used to give as one of his hobbies, "small



"MOST PROBABLY I HAVE MISSED THE POINT OF THIS CRAZY-MACABRE FRAGMENT . . .": "THE LESSON," ADAPTED FROM EUGENE IONESCO (ARTS), SHOWING A SCENE FROM "THE QUEER GOINGS-ON OF A CURTAIN-RAISER" WITH (L. TO R.) THE PROFESSOR (STEPHEN MURRAY); THE MAID (SUSAN RICHARDS) AND THE PUPIL (HELENA HUGHES).

yield his daughter, sixteen-year-old Iphigenia, to the sacrifice, and the wind will change. The wind does change; it is doing so even while Iphigenia moves forward to the altar at dawn. Calchas (clearly weather-wise) realises how best to preserve respect for the gods and for his judgment. Soon the fleet will be under sail for the ten years' war. The priest does not appear in person, which is a pity. As it is, his shadow falls over the brief play in which Ulysses and Menelaus argue vainly with the near-megalomaniac Agamemnon (regarding himself as the conquering hero of Greece). A soldier-ghost, a boy killed that morning in a skirmish, haunts the tents, trying to tell ears that are deaf to him what he feels about the futility of war. Iphigenia does hear him, and is comforted, before she goes to her death from a world that she has learned suddenly to dread.

The play, which had the meaning French title, "Une fille pour du vent," has been well translated by John Whiting, though it droops in the middle. We are grateful for the sharp definition of the first scene (a very apt sketch here, by Douglas Ives, of an unimaginative Greek soldier), and for the poignancy of the last ten minutes: Helena Hughes as Iphigenia. The middle hardly comes alive, though it has the benefit of strong playing by Peggy Thorpe-Bates (Clytemnestra the Queen) and Rupert Davies, as Ulysses. Andrew Cruickshank is

too monotonous an Agamemnon.

Before this we have a very curious bit of work called "The Lesson." No doubt Eugene Ionesco, who wrote the original, has some symbolic meaning. But, for me, it is the kind of thing the Grand Guignol used to do years ago at the old Little Theatre. There, I am sure, Sybil and Russell Thorndike would have kept us freezing as the girl-victim and the mad Professor who has disposed already of forty pupils. Most probably I have missed the point of this crazy-macabre fragment: my mind may have been elsewhere, messing about in boats, swimming against the tide.



AN ARGUMENT BETWEEN DICTATOR AND ACITATOR: A SCENE FROM DENIS CANNAN'S NEW TOPICAL COMEDY "MISERY ME!" (Duchess), DIRECTED BY ALASTAIR SIM, SHOWING (L. TO R.) CARLO BOMBAS (CLIVE MORTON); DR. VINCE (LEONARD SACHS); PROSPER (PHILIP STAINTON); JULIUS KING (COLIN GORDON); ROMILDA (EILEEN MOORE); CORNELIA (YVONNE MITCHELL) AND ADAM (GEORGE COLE).

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"SACRIFICE TO THE WIND" and "THE LESSON" (Arts Theatre Club).—The first play is a variation on the legend of Iphigenia. She is killed at Aulis, sacrificed for a wind—the French title is "Une fille pour du vent"—though her death, as we know well, is needless: a bit of high strategy by Calchas, the priest, on his own behalf and that of the gods, and a fitting start to a long and wasteful war. There is a tedious central stretch; but the play (by André Obey, translated by John Whiting) is short, it begins strongly and ends effectively, and Helena Hughes, Peggy Thorpe-Bates and Rupert Davies give performances to remember. I am less likely to cherish the queer goings-on of a curtain-raiser, "The Lesson," adapted from Eugene Ionesco. (March 9.)

"THE BURNING BOAT" (Royal Court).—The boat burns just off the quay at Tormouth, and the sight of the red glow on the backcloth is almost the only exciting event in a gentle little musical piece with some cheerful songs and no plot: charm, let us say, without backbone. The charm is there, undeniably—and Marie Ney, Diane Todd, and others help us to appreciate it—but I doubt whether the play can last, even at this period when there is a sudden fashion for simplicity. The music and libretto are by Nicholas Phipps and Geoffrey Wright. (March 10.)

"MISERY ME!" (Duchess).—Denis Cannan's comedy, though it has any amount of wit, might read better than it acts. It is pointed as sharply as possible by the present cast. I will return to it next week. (March 16.)



# THE CHARLOTTE BRONTË CENTENARY: HER LIFE AT HAWORTH RECALLED.



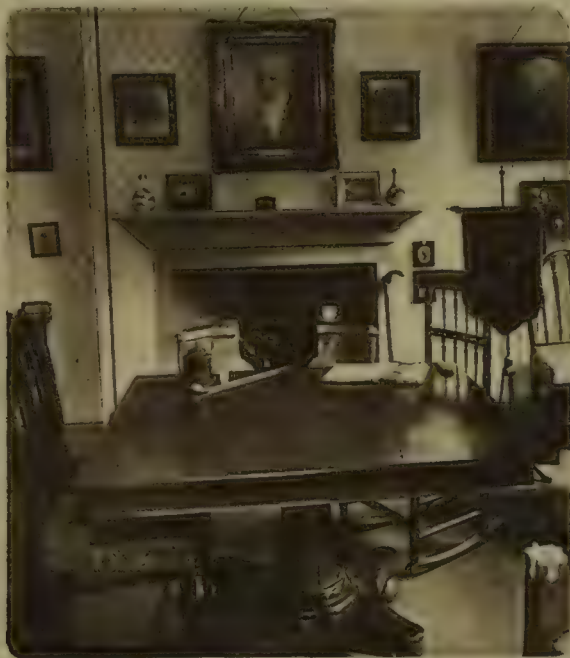
THE HOME OF CHARLOTTE (1816-1855), EMILY (1818-1848), ANNE (1820-1849), AND BRANWELL BRONTË (1817-1848): HAWORTH PARSONAGE, NOW A BRONTË MUSEUM.



WHERE CHARLOTTE WAS BORN ON APRIL 21, 1816: NO. 7, MARKET STREET, THORNTON, YORKS, ALSO THE BIRTHPLACE OF BRANWELL, EMILY AND ANNE BRONTË.



WITH, ON THE WALL, A PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË: THE STUDY AT HAWORTH PARSONAGE USED BY HER HUSBAND, THE REV. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS.



WHERE THE BRONTËS WROTE: A TABLE AT HAWORTH, WITH, ON THE WALL, A PORTRAIT OF THE REV. PATRICK BRONTË AND NEEDLEWORK BY CHARLOTTE.



USED BY THE BRONTË SISTERS: THE UPRIGHT PIANO IN A SITTING-ROOM AT HAWORTH PARSONAGE, WHICH IS NOW A BRONTË MUSEUM, WHERE RELICS ARE PRESERVED.



CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S GOING-AWAY DRESS. HER MARRIAGE TO THE REV. ARTHUR BELL NICHOLLS TOOK PLACE ON JUNE 19, 1854.



WHERE THE BRONTË SISTERS AND THEIR BROTHER WERE ROCKED IN THEIR EXTREME INFANCY: THE WOODEN CRADLE IN ONE OF THE ROOMS OF HAWORTH PARSONAGE.



USED BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË WHEN SHE AND EMILY WENT TO BRUSSELS IN 1842 TO STUDY AT THE HEGERS' SCHOOL: A LARGE TRAVELLING TRUNK.

Charlotte Brontë died on March 31, 1855, and the B.B.C. is arranging to mark the date by a reading of extracts from Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," while, on the following day, television viewers will be able to see a short film, "Quest for Charlotte," in which material relics connected with her, and places and houses where she lived, visited or described in her books, will be used to tell the story of her life. The astonishing talent of the children of the Rev. Patrick Brontë is one of the phenomena of literature. In 1820 Mr. Brontë became perpetual curate of Haworth and it was in this remote, grim Yorkshire parsonage that the sisters began to write. Their first publication was a book

of poems by "Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell"; Charlotte's "Jane Eyre," a passionate and powerful love-story, appeared in 1847; her "Shirley" was published in 1849 and "Villette" (which recalls her experiences in Brussels at M. and Mme. Heger's school in 1842) appeared in 1853. In 1850 and 1851 she visited London and was considerably "lionised." "The Professor" was published posthumously. Emily was the author of "Wuthering Heights," and Anne of "Agnes Gray" and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall," while Branwell dissipated his talents, and died in 1848. Haworth Parsonage is now a Brontë museum, containing numerous relics, some of which we illustrate.



# THE ROMANS IN KENT: DISCOVERING A UNIQUE SMALL LEAD SARCOPHAGUS.



FIG. 1. THE SECONDARY BURIAL DISCOVERED IN THE ROMAN BARROW AT HOLBOROUGH KNOB. THE BULLDOZER HAS PASSED OVER AND TORN UP THE LID OF THE LEAD COFFIN.



FIG. 2. THE LEAD SARCOPHAGUS OF FIG. 1, IMMEDIATELY AFTER RECOVERY. IT CONTAINED THE BONES OF A VERY YOUNG CHILD, PROBABLY A GIRL.

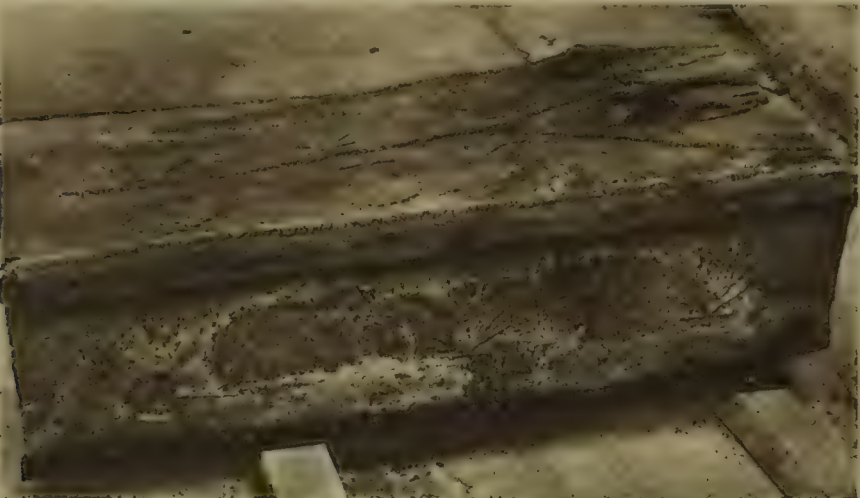


FIG. 3. THE LEAD SARCOPHAGUS AFTER IT HAD BEEN STRAIGHTENED BY A LOCAL PLUMBER, WHO TOOK THE GREATEST INTEREST IN THE WORK AND PRIDE IN HIS CRAFT.



FIG. 4. THE LID OF THE SARCOPHAGUS, SHOWING THE BEAD-AND-REEL RODS, THE SCALLOP-SHELLS AND THE MOST UNUSUAL FIGURES IN RELIEF. (SEE FIG. 5.)

The excavation of Holborough Knob, near Snodland, in Kent, was undertaken at the expense of the landowners, the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd., by Mr. Ronald F. Jessup, F.S.A., who writes:

**H**OLBOROUGH KNOB, the large and imposing mound on a spur of the North Downs behind Snodland, on the west bank of the Medway, has long been regarded as a possible Roman tumulus. The famous Kentish topographer, William Lambarde, recorded as long ago as 1596 the discovery there of "an earthen pot filled with ashes, an assured token of a Romane Monument," and in 1844 the mound was opened by Thomas Wright, a well-known antiquary of his day, who found fire-stained pottery, iron nails in great number, and part of a Roman brooch. In recent years the hill-side has been progressively quarried to provide chalk for cement-making and lime-burning until the mound was left standing on the very edge of the steep quarry face (Fig. 10). Fortunately, the nature of the site was fully realised by the landowners, the Associated Portland Cement Manufacturers Ltd., and in due course, under the advice of the Ancient Monuments Inspectorate of the Ministry of Works, a total excavation was decided upon. The Company most generously met the whole cost of labour and equipment and, in addition, provided facilities which have set a new high standard of co-operation between industry and archaeology. Furthermore, they have presented all the material finds to Maidstone Museum, where they are currently on special exhibition. The mound, which was 120 ft. in diameter and 11 ft. in height, consisted essentially of a hard core of chalky loam with an envelope of darker loam and "curly burr" chalk, an inner bank of chalk (the last lingering trace of the retaining wall of classical Roman mausolea), and a surrounding quarry ditch. No ditch was certainly visible before excavation, either on the ground or from the air, but as the mound was slowly excavated, its buried course became clear (Fig. 11). When the mound had been



FIG. 5. DETAIL OF THE LID, SHOWING (ABOVE) THE FIGURE OF A MÆNAD; (BELOW) A NAKED SATYR ACCOMPANIED BY AN INFANT SATYR—SYMBOLS OF DIONYSIAC MYSTERIES.

completely removed, two elongated patches of decayed turf remained on the surface of the natural chalk. Between them was the line of Thomas Wright's excavation, from which was recovered a broken wine bottle, a relic of his picnic, and a timber balk with which he had tried, unsuccessfully, as it appears from his story, to prevent the collapse of his trench. Within the larger of the two turf areas, undisturbed, and sealed by the overlying core of the mound, were the main

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

burial and three pits associated with it. The main burial, a long, narrow grave, had been cut very neatly into the natural chalk. This grave contained the outline of a wooden coffin 6 ft. 9 ins. in length but only 6 ins. wide and 5 ins. deep, made of two boards fastened together carvel-wise by long iron nails. There was no trace of a lid, and only a stain indicated the position of the base-boards, which rested on a thin layer of dark soil, the residue of a vegetable substance which one would like to think was a bunch of boxwood, a favourite funerary offering. Although the wood of the coffin had decayed, a series of iron nails remained *in situ*, and these retained in their rust superficial impressions of the oak board from which the coffin was made. In this, as in other problems of a like nature, the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough gave much assistance. The coffin contained no skeleton, but a mass of oak ash. From the ash were recovered many fragmentary calcined human bones, all of which belonged to the same subject, a man of about forty; no fewer than 109 burnt iron nails, doubtless from the funeral pyre; one burnt bone of a fowl, and a wafer-thin dome of bronze which proved to be from one of the terminals of the folding chair described below. Over the grave for the whole of its length was a 14-in.-high domed mound of puddled chalk. The burial thus shows the rite of cremation which would generally be expected in such a context, but in an inhumation setting, and there seems to be rather more than a hint of the approach of Christian practice towards its pagan ceremonial. Fully in the Roman pagan tradition was a mass of pottery which had been deliberately smashed and covered with a libation of wine or oil before the grave was fully covered. The reconstruction of this pottery, representing five amphoræ, by two members of the staff of the Guildhall Museum under the guidance of Mr. Norman Cook is a triumph of pot-mending skill (Fig. 12). Round the

[Continued on opposite page.]



EXCAVATING IN IDEAL CONDITIONS A LATE ROMAN BARROW IN KENT.



FIG. 6. A ROMAN IMPERIAL SESTERCE, SHOWING THE SELLA CASTRENSIS, OR FOLDING CHAIR, OF THE TYPE SHOWN IN FIGS. 8-9, IN USE.

*Continued from previous page.]* grave, and traced by the line of its post-holes in the natural chalk, was a flimsy rectangular hut of wattle open at the eastern end. This hut had evidently been pulled down and burned once its purpose was served. This purpose seems to have been functional rather than symbolic. The hut could well have afforded shelter on this bleak hillside during the elaborate funeral ceremony. Within the lee of the hut three pits had been dug to receive ritual funeral deposits. In the first, its four corners jammed tightly against the sides, was the burnt and corroded framework of a folded

wrought-iron chair (Fig. 9). It was probably buried in a wicker basket, the pattern of which had been preserved in the sides of the pit by the seepage of iron oxide. Thin threads of bronze ribbon and a vegetable rust-pattern indicate a straw-filled cushion. The chair frame—it is about 22 ins. by 16 ins.—was badly fractured and so badly burnt and corroded that it has not yet been possible to open it from the collapsed position in which it was found: Its straight legs are hinged about the middle point with bronze-capped hinges, and terminate in plain, undecorated feet. An X-ray

*[Continued below, left.]*



FIG. 7. ANOTHER IMPERIAL SESTERCE, SHOWING THE SELLA CASTRENSIS, WHICH WAS MUCH USED ON CAMPAIGN BY SENIOR OFFICERS.

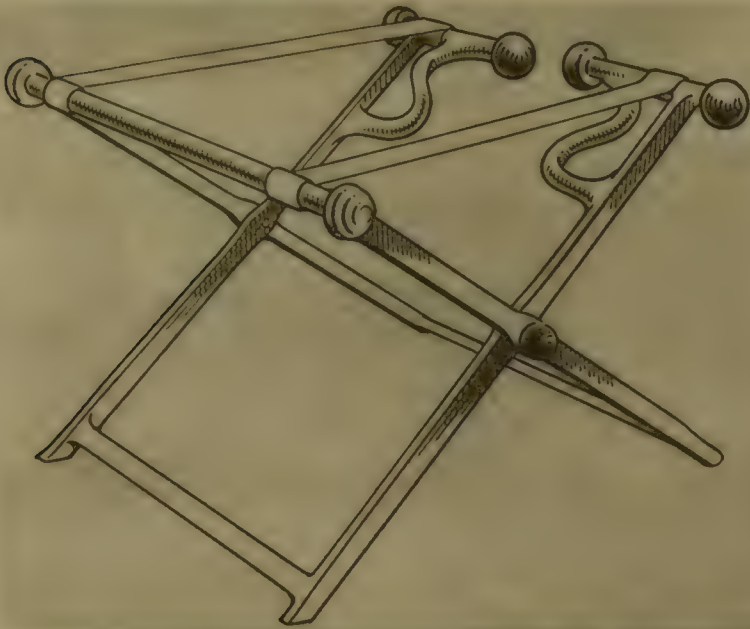


FIG. 8. A RECONSTRUCTION DRAWING OF THE ROMAN FOLDING CHAIR (FIG. 9) WHICH HAS BEEN DISCOVERED IN THE HOLBOROUGH KNOB BARROW.



FIG. 9. THE HOLBOROUGH KNOB ROMAN FOLDING CHAIR. ONLY ONE OTHER COMPLETE EXAMPLE HAS BEEN FOUND IN BRITAIN, AND THAT NO LONGER SURVIVES. (SEE FIG. 8.)



FIG. 10. THE HOLBOROUGH KNOB ROMAN BARROW, COVERED IN TREES, BEFORE ITS EXCAVATION AT THE EXPENSE OF THE CEMENT COMPANY TO WHICH IT BELONGED.



FIG. 11. THE WIDE DITCH OF THE BARROW, REVEALED, WHEN THE ORIGINAL LEVELS WERE UNCOVERED. ORIGINAL ROMAN PICK-MARKS COULD BE SEEN IN THE ROCK.

*Continued.]* examination showed no inlaid decoration. Both the upper cross-bars end in horizontally-placed knobs, simple mouldings covered with dome-shaped casings of thin bronze. Two of these remain, and two were found elsewhere in the barrow, one in the main burial, the other in a pit. The terminals do not match, two of them exhibit clumsy workmanship, as does part of the ironwork, and it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the chair was patched-up in antiquity. The chair was used in the fashion of a modern deck-chair, and not camp-stool-wise (Figs. 6-8). It is a *sella castrens*, of which only one other complete example is known from Roman Britain. Such chairs are often a mark of rank and official standing, but here at Holborough, in a wealthy agricultural countryside, a domestic setting is perhaps better envisaged. Whatever its origin, it was certainly burned on the pyre. In the second pit were pottery vessels heavily burned, fragments of the man's calcined bones, burnt bones of a sheep, of a sacrificial cock, and of another bird. The remaining pit also contained sweepings from the pyre, including human bones, thin bronze ribbon, a bronze terminal covering from the chair, many pieces of heavily-burnt pottery, and a worn and much-burnt coin of a memorial issue to Antoninus Pius. The coin, which by reason of the representation of a tiered pyre on its obverse, is likely to have been a deliberate ceremonial offering, can not be accepted as an indication of the date of the burial. The barrow must, in fact, be dated by the latest pottery found in it—parts of two rouletted beakers from the pits and a cavetto-rim jar from the bottom

*[Continued opposite.]*



FIG. 12. AN AMPHORA—ONE OF THE POTS RECONSTRUCTED FROM THE MASS CEREMONIALLY BROKEN AT THE BURIAL.

*Continued.]* of the quarry ditch—in the early part of the third century A.D. It is thus considerably later than the majority of Roman barrows which belong to the first half of the second century A.D. Another most interesting feature at Holborough was the presence of a secondary burial in the edge of the barrow (Fig. 1). Here had been buried a very young child, a girl, as it seems, her skeleton enclosed in a decorated lead sarcophagus resting on a wooden bier (Fig. 2). The decoration is of outstanding interest. It consists of the not-unusual scallop-shells and bead-and-reel rods, but more particularly of full-length human figures which depict in a lively and naturalistic style a half-draped Mænad with, below, a naked Satyr accompanied by a baby Satyr (Figs. 3-5). They belong to a funeral imagery hitherto unknown on sarcophagi from Roman Britain—the world of the Dionysiac mysteries. This example, Professor Jocelyn Toynbee kindly tells me, shows eastern Mediterranean affinities, though whether it came from an Eastern pattern-book or whether the design was brought to Kent by a lead-worker from the East can only be matters of fascinating speculation. It is worth recalling that two of the suspected Roman barrows in the group at Canterbury also contained lead sarcophagi—the long-vanished Salt Hill tumulus and the Dungil mound from which, as Leland records, treasure-seekers dug "a Corse closed yn leade"—and it may be that the fashion of barrow burial again came into use in this corner of Britain at a late date. The excavation of the one remaining Roman barrow in East Kent may yet need to be undertaken.



# THE JUTES IN KENT: FRANKISH JEWELLERY FROM A NEWLY DISCOVERED CEMETERY AT LYMINGE.

Concerning the recent excavations of a remarkable and extensive Jutish cemetery discovered at Lyminge, near Folkestone, in Kent, Mr. ALAN WARHURST, Assistant Curator, Maidstone Museum, and field director of the excavation, writes:—

**D**URING the summer of 1954 the Kent Archaeological Society has excavated a newly-discovered Jutish cemetery at [Continued centre.]

FIG. 1. FOUND IN THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED JUTISH CEMETERY AT LYMINGE, KENT: A PURSE-MOUNT IN BRONZE, SET IN CLOISSONNÉ WITH GARNET AND COLOURED GLASS OVER GOLD-FOIL. PROBABLY A FRANKISH IMPORT. (5 $\frac{1}{10}$  ins. wide.)

[Continued.]  
Lyminge, five miles north-west of Folkestone, Kent. The first discoveries on the site were made about a year ago. Workmen who were digging foundations for a mushroom shed found bones and an iron spearhead which were brought into the Maidstone Museum and recognised as Anglo-Saxon in date. An emergency excavation of an area scheduled to be concreted was carried out in mid-winter, and eight inhumation graves were discovered. The finds associated with these burials were encouraging and indicated that the graves were sixth century A.D. in date. The local topography suggested that the site was that of a typical hilltop cemetery which overlooked Lyminge, a village of some importance in Jutish Kent. In 633 A.D. it was chosen by King Eadbald as a suitable place to which his sister, Queen Ethelburga, could retire to found a nunnery, after the death of her husband, King Edwin of Northumbria. In 689 A.D. a Charter of King Oswin of Kent tells us that Lyminge contained a flourishing iron-mine.

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 2. A BUCKLE OF GILDED BRONZE, SET WITH GARNETS AND COLOURED GLASS. LIKE FIGS. 1 AND 3, PROBABLY AN IMPORT. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins. wide.)

[Continued.]  
Accordingly the Kent Archaeological Society decided that the cemetery was worthy of further exploration. This was done in the summer of 1954, and in this planned excavation, a further thirty-six inhumation graves were discovered, with over 100 finds. There is no indication that the excavations have yet reached the limits of the cemetery, nor have aerial photographs shed light on its extent. The majority of the graves lay in an east-west direction and were about 7 ft. long. They varied in depth from about 1 ft. to 4 ft. 6 ins. They could not be recognised from the surface, although it is fairly clear that one or two of them had been marked originally by mounds of chalk lumps. The heads of the skeletons, with one exception, lay at the westerly end of the grave. In one grave no skeleton could be found, although the

[Continued opposite.]

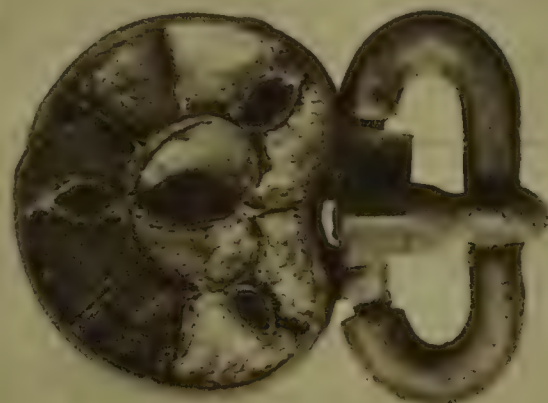


FIG. 3. ANOTHER BELT BUCKLE OF GILDED BRONZE. PROBABLY FRANKISH AND SIMPLER THAN THE LATER KENT STYLE BROOCH. (2 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins. wide.)

[Continued.]  
grave goods were arranged as if it had been there. Perhaps this grave was merely a cenotaph to a dead person whose body could not be recovered. Finds in Jutish graves are usually richer than those with other Anglo-Saxon burials. The reason may well be that the Jutes became politically organised at an early date and were able to trade extensively with (and later outstrip) the rich contemporary culture of Merovingian Gaul during the sixth century A.D. About 570 A.D. King Ethelbert of Kent took a Frankish wife, and it is not impossible that some Frankish settlement in Kent preceded this event. The finds from the Lyminge graves belong to an early period in this cross-Channel relationship and many of them bear a close relationship to objects from Frankish cemeteries in north France and

[Continued below, left.]



FIG. 4. ONE OF A PAIR OF BRONZE BROOCHES FOUND IN THE GRAVE OF A YOUNG CHILD. THEY WERE WORN, ONE ON EACH SHOULDER. (1 $\frac{1}{2}$  ins. long.)



FIG. 5. THE MAGNIFICENT SQUARE-ENDED BROOCH FOR WEARING AT THE WAIST, FOUND IN THE RICHEST GRAVE—A WOMAN'S—IN THE LYMINGE CEMETERY. OF SILVER GILT, CLOISSONNÉ. (3 $\frac{1}{4}$  ins. long.)



FIG. 6. OF AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT ORIGIN FROM THE OTHER JEWELS: A GOLD PENDANT OF SCANDINAVIAN ORIGIN, ENLARGED. (1 $\frac{1}{10}$  ins. diam.)

[Continued.]  
Belgium. Two glass vessels, for instance, were clearly imported from this area. One (Fig. 10) is a claw-beaker of paper-thin amber-coloured glass which was probably manufactured about the middle of the fifth century A.D. The small base and the pontil-mark prevented the glass from standing upright on its own account. An article in *The Illustrated London News* of February 19 explained how this type of glass vessel was blown and suggested a reason why so many of our Anglo-Saxon glass vessels are unstable. The other (Fig. 9) is a complete and undamaged glass bottle. Only one other cylindrical glass bottle of this period

has been found in England, at Bifrons, near Canterbury. This find is broken and incomplete and the Lyminge bottle is, therefore, the only complete example of its kind known in this country. The shape is derived from that of the late Roman cylindrical flask and it is to the Rhineland that we must look for this continuity of tradition. A group of cloissonné-set jewellery also has close Frankish affinities. Several belt attachment plates (Figs. 2 and 3) and a purse-mount (Fig. 1) are completely covered with cells, each set with coloured glass or garnet. They glitter brightly on account of their different planes and due to the reflected light from

[Continued on opposite page.]



UNIQUE FRANKISH GLASS, AND A CRYPTIC SPOON AND CRYSTAL BALL.



FIG. 7. PROBABLY OF SOME SYMBOLIC SIGNIFICANCE: A SILVER-GILT SPOON, WITH PERFORATED BOWL. THE SHAFT IS INLAID WITH NIELLO AND AT THE JUNCTION ARE BIRD-HEAD DESIGNS, WITH GARNET EYES. (Length, without ring, 6½ ins.)

Continued.] the gold-foil which the Saxon jeweller placed beneath each setting. Such objects are not uncommon in Frankish cemeteries in north France and Belgium, and are, at Lyminge, presumably imports, from which the more sophisticated Kentish cloisonné style, shown in the Kingston brooch, for instance, developed. The brooches from Lyminge are varied in type. Frequently, they were worn in pairs and the two bronze equal-armed brooches (one shown in Fig. 4) were found in the grave of a young child, at either shoulder. The large square-headed brooch (Fig. 5) is also one of a pair, worn this time at the waist. It is of silver-gilt and apart from its technical excellence, it is unusual in being cloisonné set in fine Frankish style, with garnets in gold cells across the bow. The lady who wore these two square-headed brooches was, indeed, richly furnished in her grave. She was the only person to be buried in a coffin, which was made of wooden planks clamped together with iron bars and nails. She wore a head-dress interwoven with gold braid, and two circular jewelled brooches of silver-gilt. From her waist hung a perforated silver-gilt spoon (Fig. 7). The handle is inlaid with niello work and, at the junction with the bowl, is decorated with a series of bird-beaks, the eyes of which are represented in some cases

(Continued opposite.



FIG. 8. A BALL OF ROCK CRYSTAL IN A SILVER SLING. FOUND WITH THE SPOON OF FIG. 7 IN THE RICH WOMAN'S GRAVE. (Diam. 1½ ins.)

Continued.] by small garnets. Concealed beneath the bowl of the spoon was a crystal ball carried in a silver sling (Fig. 8). Silver spoons and crystal balls have been found previously in Jutish burials, usually together, but the circumstances of their discovery have shed little light upon their use. Their owners were usually women whose graves were richly furnished and who must have had considerable religious or social standing. The use of the silver spoon and crystal ball must remain one of the many mysteries of Anglo-Saxon archæology. The trading area of the Jutish community at Lyminge was not entirely restricted to Merovingian Gaul. Another richly furnished grave contained a gold bracteate (Fig. 6) which was imported from Scandinavia. The stamped design shows disintegrated animal ornamentation, characteristic of Teutonic art of the migration period. It was worn as the centre-piece of a string of beads. At a Coroner's Inquest held at Elham these objects of gold and silver were declared "not Treasure Trove." The Crown could not claim objects which had been buried with no intention to recover by the owner. All the finds have been very generously given to the Kent Archæological Society by the owner of the ground on which the cemetery lies, Mr. Arthur Hall. They may be seen at the Maidstone Museum.



FIG. 9. THE ONLY COMPLETE AND UNDAMAGED GLASS BOTTLE OF ITS PERIOD TO BE FOUND IN BRITAIN. OF FRANKISH ORIGIN, CYLINDRICAL. (6½ ins. high.)

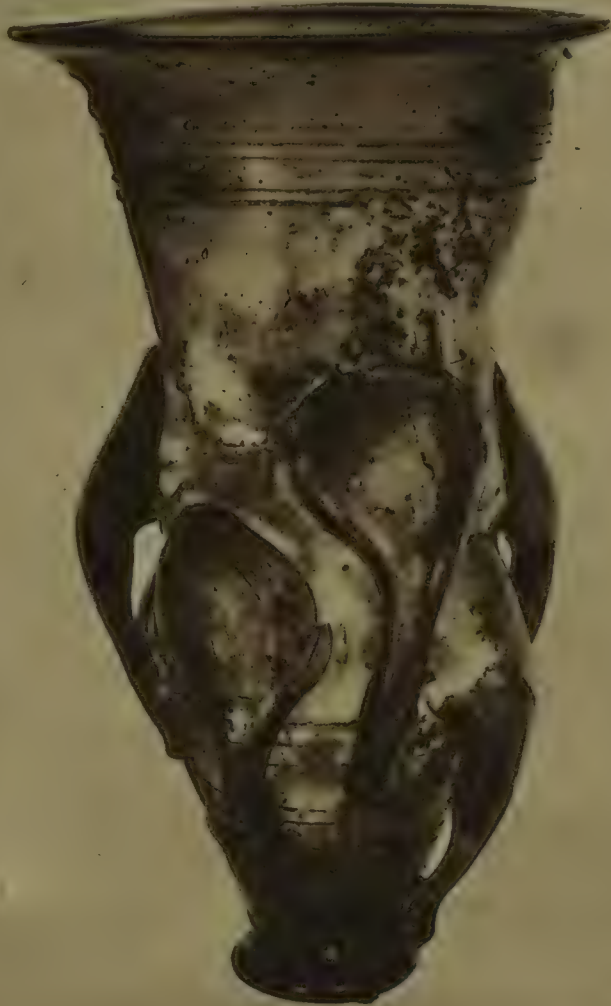


FIG. 10. A SNOUDED OR CLAW-BEAKER OF THIN AMBER-COLOURED GLASS OF ABOUT THE MID-FIFTH CENTURY A.D.: A REMARKABLY FINE EXAMPLE. (7½ ins. high.)



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT is a long time now since "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play"; and, to be frank, I have completely forgotten it. At least, I have forgotten everything about it. Yet—like how many readers?—I was still vaguely, obstinately wondering what would come next, and why it never came. Here, at long last, we have the follow-up; and it is safe to guess that nobody can have expected it, and no one will be disappointed. Displeased, perhaps—"Cards of Identity," by Nigel Dennis (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 15s.), is not, I dare say, for all palates. Stupefied, very likely. But to be disappointed is impossible.

For this production has no fellow. I am not even sure it has a *genre*. "Satire," of course, will do—for it is certainly an all-round, unremitting fling at modern life. But on the other hand, it has no special target, or reforming edge; simply, I should describe it as a huge, untrammelled, analytical, remorseless joke. The Doctrine of Identity, which is its focal theme, rather escaped me in the abstract. But, in effect, it is the universal clue. People must start with an identity, no matter what; they must be certain who they are, or they can't tell how to proceed. And in the modern world, no one can tell. Identity has come unfixed; and we are all becalmed, like the poor Paradieses in the opening fog. In brighter days, Miss Paradise and her "dear, brave little brother" were incorrigible hangers-on; but since the war there has been no one to hang on to. So they have almost ceased to recognise each other. But now the fog lifts—and the empty mansion has a curl of smoke. Henry, at once, is his old self: a knight-at-arms, sped by a loving sister to the fray. He sets out for the manor, and is swallowed up. Next day Miss Paradise goes looking for him. She, too, is swallowed up; and when they meet again, it is as Jellicoe, the gloomy butler with a past, and Mrs. Paradise, or Florrie, the devoted housekeeper. Such is the technical efficiency of Captain Mallet—who is recruiting staff against the summer session of the Identity Club.

No doubt these gentlemen would be psychiatrists, if they were simpler souls. But they have got beyond such childishness. Now they create identities from the ground up—to meet the servant problem, for example. Their patients have been scrapped; and their case-histories are works of fiction. This volume presents three, not equally, but all extravagantly funny: yet hardly funnier than the exordium of the third speaker, before he opens his mouth. Father Orfe's entry *à la* concert pianist covers two solid pages without flagging. Indeed, one can't quote from this book; its wit is too exuberant and too long-breathed—and anyhow, all topics have an equal claim. An entire blank-verse tragedy "by William Shakespeare" occurs just for the fun of it; and that, too, is extravagantly brilliant. Perhaps the whole work may be rather long; and some may think it wants heart. In general, I am distinctly squeamish about heart; but in the present case I felt no need of it, and don't see where it would come in.

## OTHER FICTION.

"The Tunnel of Love," by Peter de Vries (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a sophisticated comic novel on a smaller scale, and this time from America—where one review found it "so sparkingly rich in wit as to stun the unwary reader." Whereas, in fact, it is a modest, likeable, intelligent, quietly amusing little book—not as compared with Mr. Dennis's fantasia, which has the power to stun, but even if you take it first. Of course, the other way it would be dwarfed. Still, it is more humane, more (although not much) of a story, and much less likely to give umbrage.

Its narrator-hero, living at Avalon, Connecticut, is picture-editor of *The Townsman*, and a family man; while his friend Augie is a failed cartoonist, trying to become a father by adoption. The hero has been drawn in as a reference; and the vicissitudes of the attempt spin the whole plot. First—is it moral to give a reference? Augie makes nothing by his work, since he can't draw. Also, he is a rake on principle—to prove his talent, and "keep his guilt feelings tuned up." Should such a one be plugged as "good family timber"? Augie maintains that an ex-rake, with his sacrifice to fatherhood, ought to have top priority: and that his newest paramour is not a lapse, but a reform in herself. . . . And then, things become cruelly Sophoclean. Error comes home to roost; even the hero's dream-life, at "Moot Point," seems to have found him out. . . . But this intrigue is a mere vehicle for the domestic comedy, and the commuting highbrows of the village. "Moot Point" struck me as overworked; but casual incidents, such as the sleigh-ride, can be very funny. The hero's wife has a whole barrage of unconscious *motifs*: "Deep down, he's shallow"—"Penicillin is a drug on the market," etc., etc. In fact, it is all witty and well-studied—and disarming, too.

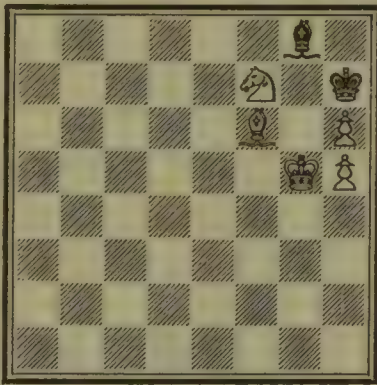
"The Law of Larion," by Peter Freuchen (Evans; 12s. 6d.), offers at once more solid, and more thrilling fare. It is a novel based on fact—on the exploits of a great Indian chief, whose word was law throughout Alaska in the mid-nineteenth century: who was, or thought he was, blood-brother to the Russian newcomers: who set his whole heart on a "thunder-weapon," secured it to his own despair, and took revenge on his false allies in a night of massacre. Of course, I can't find room for the whole saga. It is full of incident; but, even more, it is a study of heroic primitives, by an acknowledged expert, who knew the grandson of a leading figure in the story.

Settings are now the trump card of detective fiction; and "Stone Cold Dead in the Market," by Christopher Landon (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), is in that sense a winner. For it exploits the sacred and eccentric purities of the Stock Exchange. There Mr. Greezley has been done to death, in a bombardment of bread pellets at the ritual rag-time. Police in the sanctuary are resented, and repelled with chaff; so that for once they don't mind working with an amateur. This is the first job he has ever had; and he is introduced as a new member of the House, and (incidentally) the corpse's nephew from New Zealand. It seems an inside murder; everyone yearned to do the deed—yet actually the strongest motives are elsewhere. And as a problem, it is good enough. But the events are dimmed by the peculiar interest of the *milieu*.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

## SOME TOP-OF-THE-TABLE PLAY.



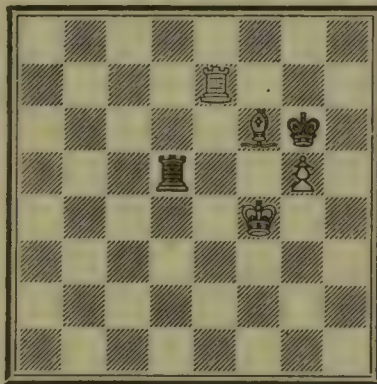
A PROBLEM by W. Horwitz, Linz. White (who is, as usual in problem diagrams, moving UP the board) takes back his last move and makes another move instead, which gives mate. Can you work out this play?

I have published few problems of this type, probably because, though I know they send some people into ecstasies, they have never appealed greatly to me.

A word of warning: there is a catch—though one with which old readers of these Notes will be not unfamiliar.

When you see the solution below, you may think this a little too whimsical.

The game itself often has a keener element of whimsy, though, than the youngster who had white in the next position in a recent game bargained for:



Black in desperation played 1... R-KB4ch; White replied complacently 2. K-Kt4, and was horrified to be confronted by 2... R×Pch!; 3. B×R (what else?); drawn by stalemate!

## The problem solution:

White's last move was to capture a pawn with his king. So replace the king on KB5, where it came from, and replace the pawn on Black's KKt4. Now play instead P×P *en passant*; and that is mate.

How do we know White could take *en passant*? Well, Black could not have played his pawn only from Kt3 or White would previously have been in check with Black to move, which is impossible. What other black piece could have moved?

How do we know this is the solution? No other combination of moves fulfils the requirements. Try some!

THE spate of books about the Crimean War, from Miss Cecil Woodham-Smith's, "The Reason Why," to the photographs of Roger Fenton, have revived interest in that war which until recently it was fashionable to regard as no less of a blunder in the political field than the Charge of the Light Brigade was a blunder in the tactical. Nevertheless, as Mr. Kenneth Fenwick points out in his excellent introduction to "Voice From the Ranks," by Timothy Gowing (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), the effect of the Crimean campaign was to give a severe setback to the Russian menace, which loomed as large in the imaginations of our grandfathers and great-grandfathers as it does to-day. As he says: "The British and French armies invariably defeated the Russians in the open field, and inflicted upon them such appalling casualties that they ceased to be a serious menace to their neighbours for a generation." Sergeant Timothy Gowing, whose book this is, was an East Anglian who joined the Royal Fusiliers just before the outbreak of the Crimean campaign. He was a man of great physical strength and imbued, as seem to have been so many of his comrades, with a strong, simple and unshakeable religious faith. Indeed, it is difficult to see how the starved and frozen British Army, which covered itself with glory at the Battle of the Alma, in the "killing work" of the soldiers' Battle of Inkerman, and in the Siege of Sevastopol, could have undergone the appalling hardships, sufferings and casualties which they endured had it not been for that faith. In the final assault upon the Redan, Gowing was severely wounded, so much so that a fellow-sergeant to whom he had given a farewell letter to his parents posted it with an additional note: "Your noble son fell inside the Redan (Sevastopol is taken). Your son, from the day he joined the regiment, proved himself a credit to us and a most determined soldier. I have every reason to believe that he is now where you would not wish to have him back from." Gowing gives a first-hand account of all the great engagements, including the Charge of the Heavy and the Light Brigades. The book is, however, compiled partly from his letters to his parents and partly from his later recollections. In these latter there are distinct traces of over-writing, and also of wisdom after the event which spoil the effect. Thus in his letter to his parents describing the three great cavalry charges of October 25 (those of the Heavy and Light Brigades and the French *Chasseurs d'Afrique*) he says: "I hear that the Light Cavalry have been cut to pieces, particularly the 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers," but in his general account he gives details, such as the orders from Lord Raglan to Lord Lucan, of which he can have known nothing at the time. Gowing had a considerable admiration for the fighting qualities of the French, and considered the Russian officers "brave" and "gentlemen." The Russian ordinary soldier, coming on in his vast masses, intoxicated with vodka, he describes as "brutish," and their habit of killing the Allied wounded did nothing to endear them to him. This tale of simple piety, unaffected patriotism and courage and endurance is a moving memorial to the old British Army which fought and died and covered itself with glory in the Crimea.

The ambitions, and the ruthless pursuit of them, of Imperial Russia (both objectives and methods are virtually identical with those of the Soviets) are admirably revealed by Count Corti in "Alexander Von Battenberg" (Cassell; 30s.). When a European war to check Russian ambitions had been averted largely by the diplomacy of Disraeli, and he had brought back "peace with honour" from the Congress of Berlin in 1878, one of the terms of the settlement was that the position of the Turkish Balkan provinces which had been invaded by Russia was for the moment regularised. Bulgaria, for instance, was to owe nominal suzerainty to the Sultan, but should have as a tributary prince a nominee of the European Powers. Their choice fell on a young German princeling, Alexander of Battenberg, the son of the reigning Prince of Hesse. This unfortunate young man had the unenviable lot of proceeding to Sofia, his miserable little Balkan capital, there to struggle for the best part of a decade against the Great Powers who were determined to make him a cat's-paw. The Russians were bent on making Bulgaria, for all practical purposes, a Russian province. The all-powerful Bismarck, to whom he might have been expected to look for support as a German prince, was determined not to endanger his relations with Russia, and to thrust Austria ever further into the "Drang nach Osten." Only his grandmother, Queen Victoria, and her daughter, the future Empress Frederick of Prussia, gave him sympathy and support, but as the latter was on the worst of terms with Bismarck and with her son, the future Kaiser William II., this only made matters worse. In the clashing discords between the Great Powers, set out here, may be heard the tuning-up of the infernal orchestra of World War I. Count Corti has assembled his material with skill and scholarship and has drawn with success on the documents belonging to his uncle, Count Luigi Corti, one-time Italian Foreign Minister, which have remained in his family.

In an age of increasing mediocrity and anonymity, it is pleasing to see an occasional eccentric, if Mr. F. A. Mitchell-Hedges, the author of "Danger My Ally" (Elek; 18s.), will not resent the word. Mr. Mitchell-Hedges has chosen his title well. The English boy who could never settle down to the humdrum existence of school or office is now a world-famous explorer-collector. In this most interesting and exciting book, not the least fascinating part is his story of how for ten months, and against his will, he was a fellow-bandit with the ruthless Pancho Villa. He seems to have acquired considerable sympathy for this ferocious individual, as he did for the little down-and-out Russian Jew of the name of Bronstein, whom he befriended in New York, and who later became famous, or infamous, under the name of Leon Trotsky. A lively and stirring book.

A book I look forward to adding to my library on heraldry is "The Pageant of Heraldry," by Colonel H. C. B. Rogers (Seeley Service; 25s.). This delightful subject has been exhaustively dealt with in our time, from the great works of Scott-Giles to Colonel Rogers' latest and notable addition. It is a book which will prove of great value to the novice in the study of this historical art, and the expert will find little to quarrel with and much to admire.

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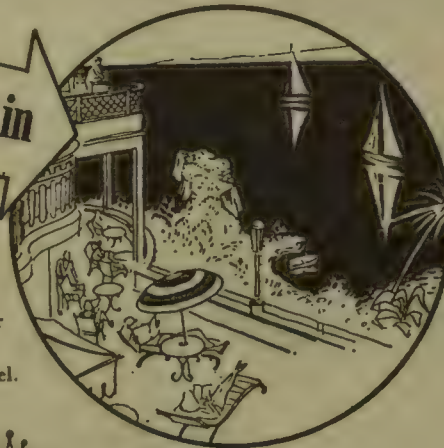


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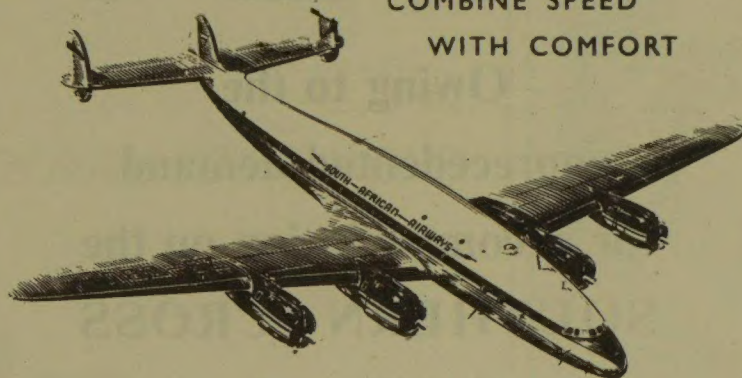


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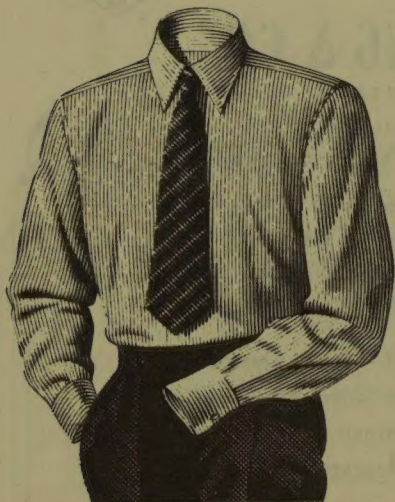
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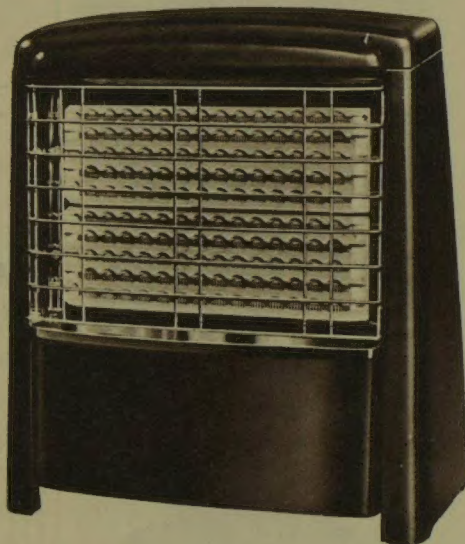
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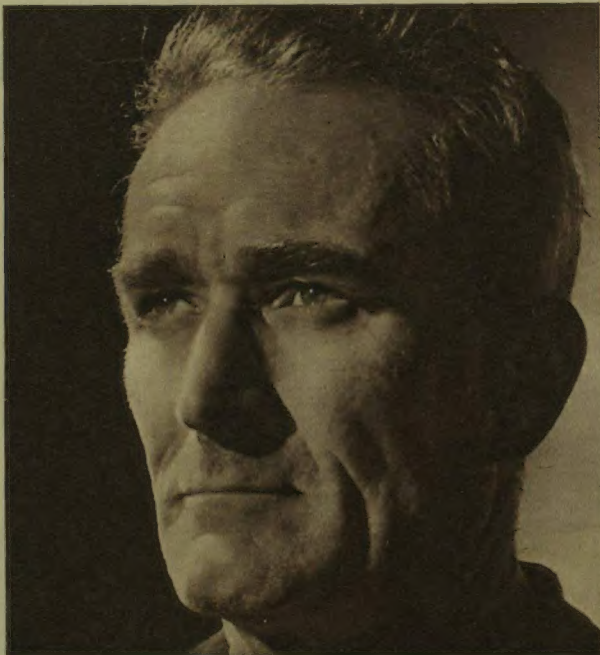
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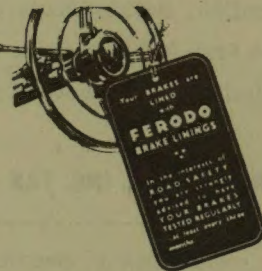
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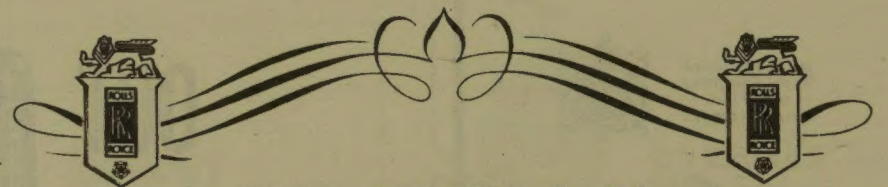
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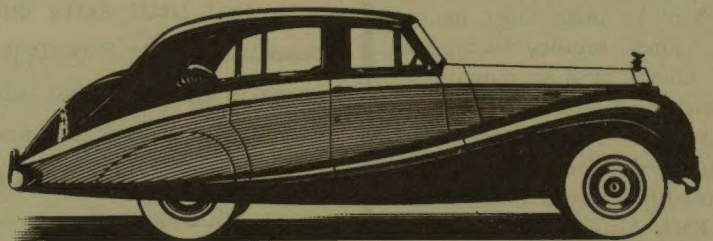
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## EAGLES THROUGH THE AGES



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In 1811 Sir Thomas was made the Governor General's Agent in Malacca. As a result of his efforts the whole of Java came under British Rule within a year. He was appointed Governor of Bencoolen in 1818, and personally hoisted the British Flag at Singapore on February 29th, 1819. It is probably due to him more than to any other individual that the site of this important naval base was acquired for Great Britain. He died in 1826.

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# Shell Nature Studies

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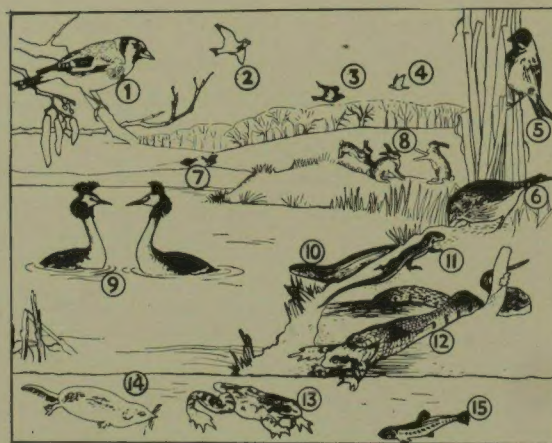
## Wild life in MARCH



*Painted by Maurice Wilson in collaboration with Rowland Hilder*

THERE IS METHOD IN MARCH MADNESS — for the animals' spring has come, and the scene of their mating is set against the bare back-cloth of winter's end, and played by creatures who have no conscious knowledge of the season of birth to come in the months of green plant-carpet and leaf-canopy. Lengthening days, internal rhythms, bring them out of hibernation and persuade them to song and display. The goldfinch (1) chooses his post on a branch of the catkin-hung alder tree; skylark (2), meadow-pipit (3) and wood-lark (4) find theirs in the air. Reed-bunting (5) and greenfinch (6) restlessly share their time between winter foraging-ground and spring territory — they should be in song by the end of the month. Aggressive male partridges (7) and hares (8) in open fields fight their battles; usually these are sham, but sometimes fur and feathers fly. Great crested grebes (9), moulting into summer plumage, grow their crests and tippets, and pairs cement their mating-bond in strange courtship ceremonies.

Slow-worm (10), common lizard (11), and grass-snake (12) wake from their winter sleep: the grass-snake finds its natural prey, the common frog (13) already mating and spawning. The frog that has escaped is a male, the nuptial pads on its first fingers covered with horny spicules. Below the surface, the water-shrew (14) swims dry in its silver sheath of fur-trapped air. The bottom-living loach (15) is ready to spawn.



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